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NOVEMBER 5, 1963

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

SPECIAL REPORTS FROM THE TINDERBOXES

1 **WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON IN VIETNAM?**

2 **WILL SUKARNO DESTROY MALAYSIA?**
JUSTUS M. VAN DER KROEF

3 ***18 Months After Evian:***
BEN BELLA LAUGHS AT DE GAULLE
GEORGES LAFFLY

Also In This Issue:

THE LADY IS FOR BURNING, SAYS MRS. LUCE, RECOUNTING THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS OF MME. NHU ◆ FRANK MEYER ON GOLDWATER ◆ ALSO BUCKLEY, TOLEDANO, LEJEUNE . . . ◆

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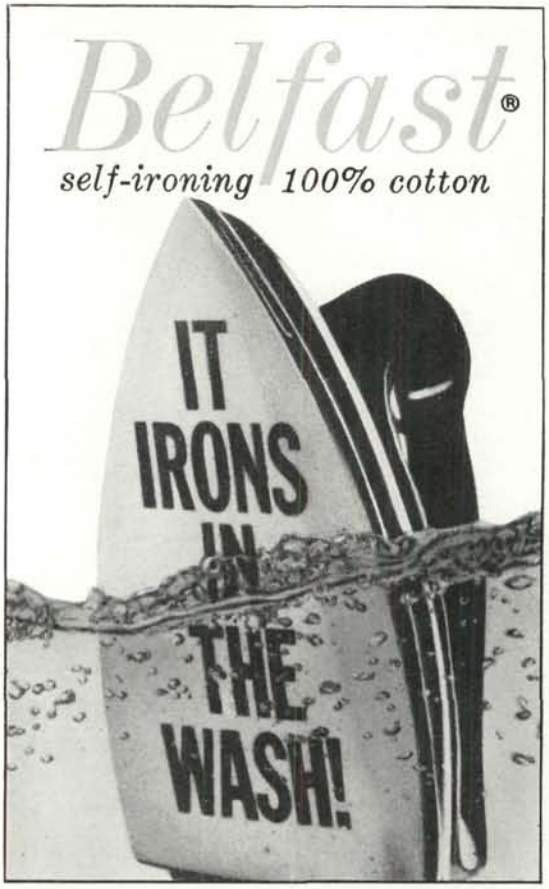

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PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS

James Burnham, Frank S. Meyer,
William F. Rickenbacker
MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
PRODUCTION EDITOR: Martha Butler
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden

ASSOCIATES

M. Stanton Evans, Will Herberg,
Hugh Kenner, Ralph de Toledano,
Timothy J. Wheeler, Garry Wills
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: Arlene Croce

CONTRIBUTORS

C. D. Batchelor, Colm Brogan, John Chamberlain,
Frank Chodorov, D. G. M. Coxe, Guy Davenport, A. Derso,
Joan Didion, W. H. von Dreele, Finis Farr, J. D. Futch,
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FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS

London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn
African Affairs: Elspeth Huxley

ART DIRECTOR: James W. O'Bryan
CIRCULATION MANAGER: Robert J. White
PROMOTION MANAGER: Patrick J. Gorman
ADVERTISING MANAGER: Michael M. Mooney

CONTENTS NOVEMBER 5, 1963 VOL. XV, NO. 18

THE WEEK 378

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

From Washington Straight .....*Cato* 385
Conservatism and the Goldwater Consensus
Frank S. Meyer 386
Conservatives in Europe Too ..*Wm. F. Buckley Jr.* 387
What's Really Going On in Vietnam
Archbishop Ngo Dinh Thuc 388
Notes of a New Nation ..*Justus M. van der Kroef* 390
Is Ben Bella Laughing at De Gaulle?
Georges Laffly 392
The Lady Is for Burning .....*Clare Boothe Luce* 395
To the Editor 411

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

Pragmatism on the Potomac? ....*Stephen J. Tonsor* 400
Eros Aped .....*Guy Davenport* 401
The Price of Appeasement .....*Anthony Lejeune* 403
A Poet is a Poet is a What ....*Ralph de Toledano* 404
The Rules of the Game ....*John Gregory Dunne* 406
Books in Brief 408

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In This Issue . . .

➔ **Clare Boothe Luce** examines the Seven Deadly Sins of Madame Nhu, on the basis of which so much of the press has concluded that she is, indeed, for burning. Mrs. Luce genially surveys the offenses charged against the government of Ngo Dinh Diem; then shows, once again, that her kick is stronger than a horse's, to which any man who has experienced both will surely attest. Mrs. Luce has been a successful editor, playwright, congresswoman, orator, ambassador; and, as you will see, continues to be a first-rate journalist. . . . We have from the **Bishop of Hué** a report that tends to confirm Mrs. Luce's analysis of Vietnamese affairs. The Archbishop, who is of course the brother of President Ngo Dinh Diem, describes calmly the flimsy basis on which the massive distortions were built. . . . A second tinderbox is Malaysia, where the situation heats up day by day and Sukarno threatens a shooting war. Malaysia is one of those neo-national agglutinations about which very few people know anything at all. Professor **Justus van der Kroef** of the University of Singapore, who knows lots, describes what is going on. . . . And as the situation in Algeria deteriorates, the question increasingly asked—and here pondered by **Georges Laffly,** Algerian affairs specialist for *Nation Française*—is whether France will bail Algeria out in spite of the cynical and insouciant repudiation, by Ben Bella, of the treaty of Evian. By the way, the Tom Swifty on this week's cover was unintentional—and under the circumstances, rather macabre. But it is a honey, isn't it?

➔ **Wm. Buckley** reports on his Roman idyll, which couldn't really have been all that much of an idyll if he honestly and truly listened to one hundred speeches in four days, as he says he did—but you know how he exaggerates. . . . You would never think **Frank Meyer** was a "rotating fink," which is what a Communist-lining author angrily called him over the airwaves last week —no sir, not from reading his sensitive and searching column in this week's issue on Senator Goldwater and some of the special problems that arise from his candidacy. We don't know, to tell the truth, just what a rotating fink is, but we'll defend to the death Frank's right not to be one.

➔ Professor **Stephen J. Tonsor** (history, U. of Michigan) writes with intense admiration for a recent book by William Schlamm, sometime senior editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, which has not, for reasons that do the trade houses no credit, appeared in America. . . . Professor **Guy Davenport** reviews three novels of lust and depravity. . . . **Anthony Lejeune** reports on *The Appeasers,* a book on the British foreign policy of the late thirties which brought "war with dishonor.". . . **Ralph de Toledano** reviews Yevtushenko's autobiography, and concludes that the poet isn't all that precocious. . . . **J. Gregory Dunne,** of *Time* mag, finds Anouilh's new play a "stunning achievement."➔

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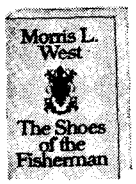

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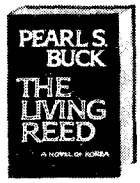

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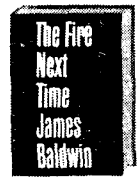

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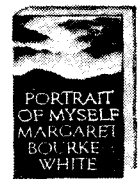

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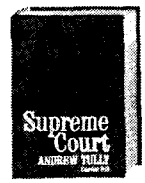

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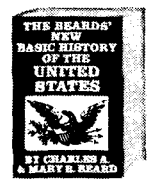

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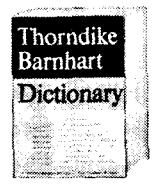

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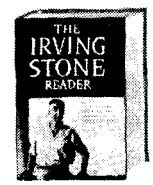

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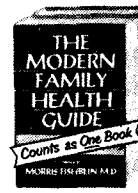

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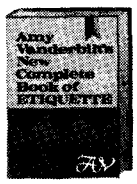

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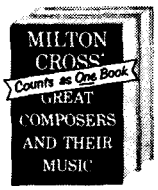

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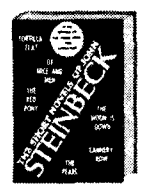

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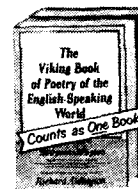

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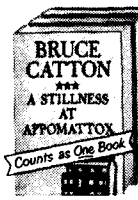

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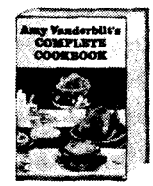

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The WEEK

● The way it's worded it's not quite clear but either Tito told Drew Pearson, or Drew Pearson told Tito, or Nikita told Tito who told Drew Pearson who decided to let the rest of us in on it (*Washington Post*, Oct. 21) that "you can't trust military circles with the delicate problems of world peace." And to prove that either Nikita or Tito or Pearson is correct, why just look what happened a couple of weeks ago when Soviet officers stopped a U.S. convoy en route to Berlin—showing, in Tito's or Nikita's or Pearson's immortal word, that you really *"can't* trust the delicate question of peace" to the military.

● WHICH PAGE OF THE OCT. 5 *Economist* DO YOU READ? P. 44, ". . . it is certainly too soon to hail Mr. Goldwater as an irresistible conservative force. In his native Arizona, a frequent phenomenon is the cloudburst that floods a limited area quickly but recedes as quickly, leaving a few rivers temporarily choked with mud." P. 38, ". . . if Senator Barry Goldwater becomes the Republican nominee for President, as now seems likely to be the case . . ."

● President Kennedy, in a recent television speech, said: "In fact, there are fewer federal civilian employees today than there were ten years ago." Technically correct: ten years ago we had just had Truman and the Korean War. Rep. August E. Johansen (R., Mich.), next day, speaking to the House, gave a few figures JFK neglected. "At the end of Mr. Eisenhower's term in January 1961, the net reduction in federal civilian employment for his eight years in office was 280,667. As of July 31 of this year, after two and one-half years of Mr. Kennedy's New Frontier, federal civilian employment has increased 168,579 to the total of 2,537,353. President Kennedy didn't tell the American people that last night. Let's keep the record straight."

● It is almost a year since the small craft FL 8198E was reported missing near the Bahamas. A Bahamian fishing boat found it last November 21, capsized, in 24 feet of water, about ten miles down from South Riding Rock. Judging by the good condition of bread, cigarettes, and a ham found floating near it, the boat had sunk less than five hours before. It had been towing a nine-foot dinghy, which was not found, and its three-man crew should have made it to shore, or been found near at hand, especially because the boat's pumps should have handled the quarter-inch split in the hull near the keel, and the seas were running only three or four feet. A 25-foot Cuban sailing boat was anchored near Orange Cay on November 21 last, where the Bahamian fishing boat put in after attempting to salvage the FL 8198E. Crew members of the Bahamian fishing boat report that they believe they saw the crew of the FL 8198E aboard the Cuban sailing boat that evening. The brother of one of the lost men, Clement Skalski, has steadily appealed to the Coast Guard to investigate. The Coast Guard desires to close the case, possibly considering it a routine "mystery of the sea." Question: when President Kennedy promised (after his failure at the Bay of Pigs) to surround Cuba with "a wall of free men," did he mean a wall of free men's corpses?

● The ambassadors from Cameroon, Malagasy Republic, Nigeria, Tunisia, and so on, and their wives, got together for a genuine American square dance recently, in the Community Hall of Christ Episcopal Church, Georgetown, in the company of State Department officers, and so on, and their wives. Soapy Williams did the calling. First time since Teddy Roosevelt that an American diplomat has called the tune.

● *Light breaks in the Middle East.* President Gamal Abdel Nasser, whose military operations in behalf of the shakily installed Yemeni republican government are supported (directly) by the Soviet Union and (indirectly and incredibly) by us, has been informed by Washington that further American aid to the UAR would be contingent upon his withdrawal of all Egyptian troops from Yemen. It may even work. What we won't go into now, so dazzled are we by this display of diplomatic acuity, are certain questions which arise when we ask ourselves—we can't *help* asking ourselves—why Washington never thought before to attach this particular string to its endorsement—wasn't it?—of Nasser's pan-Arabist ambitions. But there we go, bringing it All Up, when all we meant to do was to be grateful for sm— . . . be grateful. Bundy? Bowles? Whoever you are, we salute you.

● Draftees reading an official twelve-page troop indoctrination pamphlet, *Cuba Today*, will learn: that Columbus discovered Cuba in 1492; that Cuba achieved its independence in 1899; that Batista was a Bad Thing; that Castro chased Batista out of Havana on Jan. 1, 1959; that Castro became a Bad Thing; that JFK severed diplomatic relations with Castro in January 1961; that JFK scored a major diplomatic triumph in his handling of the missile crisis last October. They will not learn anything at all about

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the Bay of Pigs invasion, which is the kind of news the editors of *Cuba Today* apparently did not think was fit to print.

● Most Fascinating News Item of the Week Dept. (Radio Hanoi, Sept. 6, 1963): "The DRV [Democratic Republic of Vietnam] on 6 September issued a statement protesting the scheme of the chairman of the U.S. Table Tennis Association to introduce the Taiwan Table Tennis Organization into the International Table Tennis Federation with a view to creating two Chinas. The statement pointed out that the DRV Table Tennis Association, as well as table tennis circles and people the world over, firmly believe that any U.S. scheme to create two Chinas will certainly fail."

● Senator Karl Mundt, whose sharp eye (from which a cataract was successfully removed last week) misses very little, from those mountains of wheat we'll soon be sending to Russia, to the far-out antics of the bureaucrats, found a lulu the other day. While thumbing through an 814-page book the Department of Health, Education and Welfare has compiled (cost $21,850) to list the materials other government agencies have printed which teachers and children might find instructive during the current school year, he came across one pamphlet (110 pp.) entitled, if you please: *Official Girlwatcher's Manual.* Question: What is a girlwatcher? Let alone an *official* girlwatcher? Question: How many pages will *Purple People-Eaters Cookbook* take?

● The boys at the International Monetary Fund studiously consult the *Nation,* you will be interested to know, judging from a recent copy (Sept. 28) of same that fell into our hands together with the routing slip. It is safe to know that Mr. Horne at P1008, Industry at B371, Public Utilities at B-300, Mr. Taylor at F-508, Mr. Saper at F-608, Mr. van der Valk at B-1062 and Mr. Smith at F-126 are now aware (see same issue) that Latin America's problems are caused by "an irrational fear of Communism" and the "stranglehold of U.S. big business." Bear that in mind, van der Valk—and you, Saper—next time you mete out IMF policy for Latin America.

● Our global failures have been reviewed and revealed by the House Foreign Affairs Committee after prolonged hearings ("Winning the Cold War: The U.S. Ideological Offensive"), summarized by Rep. Bob Barry (R., N.Y.): 1) Preoccupation with the military and economic threats of Communism; 2) Underestimation of Communist political strategy; 3) Failure to develop realistic plans for propaganda warfare; 4) Concentrating on the Communist challenge as a country-by-country rather than a universal menace; and 5) Overreliance on conventional diplomacy to meet the particularized needs of Cold War reality. Not bad, as a starter. But the Committee might press forward to ask, "What Domestic Socio-Mental Affliction Suspends U.S. Foreign Policy in a State of Full-blown Rout?"

Cuba: The Moment Is Now

Nature, in the form of a rampaging Caribbean hurricane, has cut a strategic path to the liberation of Cuba that *Realpolitik* and simple humanitarianism alike cannot afford to overlook. Cuba today is a scene of almost total devastation. Losses to life and property are, by Fidel Castro's own admission, largely incalculable. The death toll alone, which the regime has officially tabulated at upwards of 1,132, can be estimated on the basis of the 5,000 dead reported on Haiti's southern peninsula, and the neighboring Cuban provinces of Las Villas, Camagüey and Oriente, where Hurricane Flora hit hardest, are, or were, more heavily populated by far. These three provinces contain nearly all of Cuba's fertile acres and mines; key crops, such as sugar, coffee, cocoa, cotton, bananas and rice, would appear to be literally unsalvageable; livestock has been all but wiped out; industry and housing suffered heavy losses.

What all this means to the national economy would be fearful to contemplate even if that economy had not already been undermined by four years of Communist cultivation. Does anyone really expect the Castro regime, even with aid, to effect national recovery in the face of this colossal blow? Picking up the pieces isn't a specialty of the wrecking crew.

If ever moral considerations were pertinent to the Cuban situation, they are so now, and if ever the moment were favorable for a military strike, that moment is now. The evidence of official reports and monitored internal radio broadcasts, as divulged by *Free Cuba News,* is that Castro's defenses are seriously impaired. Transportation is crippled. Communication lines are down. Bridges are washed out, key arteries flooded; villages in all parts of Cuba are isolated from central command. Exile groups survey a vulnerable target. "One thousand well-armed men," says one spokesman, wishfully, "attacking different points in Cuba, would finish Castro." But exile raiding parties, like the one reported landed last week in Pinar del Rio province, continue to operate without sufficient means, and against the active interference of U.S. Customs and Coast Guard patrols. The last clear opportunity for liberation by U.S. forces occurred almost exactly a year ago. The present moment represents, as Pedro Martínez Fraga of the Cuban Revolutionary Council puts it, a "God-given opportunity."

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The Politics of Steel

During the past year the President has addessed several meetings of business groups in words that sounded friendly to his auditors. Those businessmen who had been lulled thereby into believing that the Administration was outgrowing its early antagonism toward the business community were pulled rudely back to reality last week, when executives of the nine leading steel corporations were again summoned before a federal grand jury. Although there has been no public explanation, it is assumed that the crimes to be examined are the 1963 price increases on some steel products that amount to a 2 per cent rise in the average cost of steel.

Not even a New Frontier economist believes that the courts are, from the point of view of the nation's economy, the best mechanism for setting the market price of steel; and no one in his right mind imagines that in 1963—with the April 1962 confrontation and the jail terms for electrical executives fresh in memory—the steel officials have been acting in criminal collusion. The President's new move—it is undoubtedly the President, advised by his brother, the Attorney General, who decided on it—is, like all his current moves, a tactical maneuver in his drive for re-election. Inflation, more or less dormant for some while, is rising again, fueled by the actual and prospective federal deficits and the wage hikes (of double and triple 2 per cent) that many unions have gouged out of industry by monopolistic coercions. But the federal spending is the regime's great power lever, and the union members supply votes Mr. Kennedy must win to retain office. The inflationary onus must therefore be shunted elsewhere, and where better than onto big business, which is in any case, by ancient ritual, so rich a theme for demagogy? Watch our hero whip steel-hearted profiteers into cringing submission! Ticket, just one vote next November.

As a supplementary by-product, steel management may be scared into forgoing price increases that market conditions and corporate needs call for. If this sacrifices the technical development and competitive position of the industry, along with the interests of the stockholders, and thus weakens the economy as a whole—well, what do you expect from Robber Barons?

TRADING WITH THE ENEMY
LEGITIMATE COMMERCE
NEW FRONTIER: "As you can plainly see, I make clear the boundaries of the moral and the immoral."

Thu for Mme. Nhu

"What's Nhu by Yhu?"

About these vhus of Mme. Nhu's
I wish I knhu if they were trhu;
The dinh is undiminhished, sgo
Chi-whiz, I've got the nheed to ngo!
Of clhus I've sgo diem fhu I thuc
Thu bhuuze, but nhot with rots of rhuc.
Go Wgo! Bhu Hhu! The Blhus, I've hme.
Since I got sthuc. Ngo fhulin', Mme.

TIMOTHY WHEELER

Mrs. Nhu Is Very Pretty

Last week I turned on "Meet the Press"
To stare at Mrs. Nhu. Her dress
Was in the Chinese style. Ned Brooks,
I envied you. What fragile hooks
Made in what fairy factory
Held her together? Golly, she
Is sure a cutie pie. But when
She laughed at Mr. Spivak, then
I *knew* our wave lengths were the same.
May Craig was there, and one who came
Just recently from Saigon. (I
Had eyes alone for Butterfly.)
Last week I switched the set to Mrs. Nhu.
Jack Kennedy, I am ashamed of you!

W. H. VON DREELE

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Oldthink

"Unhappily at the conference [of the summit in Geneva], our President was quoted . . . as crediting the Russians today with no less a desire for peace than that of the West. As a consequence, there occurred a psychological disarmament throughout the free world. . . . It is a tragedy the President didn't do something else. . . . He mentioned, but he did not keep insisting, that Stalin carry out his wartime agreements to permit free elections in Poland and Eastern Europe. . . . Three years ago, Soviet Communist influence had been stopped and rolled back in Western Europe and in the Middle East. The Kremlin leaders admitted as much . . . at the Communist Party Congress [in October 1952]. And at that time they laid out . . . the tactics of 'peaceful coexistence' . . ."

Averell Harriman
New York, Dec. 6, 1955

Re Mitford

"Behind the immunity of the *Congressional Record*," the *New York Times* editorialized last week, "Representative James B. Utt, a right-wing California Republican, has made a McCarthyite attack on the Columbia Broadcasting System, the American Booksellers Association, the *New York Herald Tribune*, Simon & Schuster and Jessica Mitford, author of the current best seller, *The American Way of Death*. . . . The fact that [Miss Mitford's] discussion of the flamboyance and high cost of funerals has evoked high praise from Catholic, Protestant and Jewish clergymen, as well as from reviewers and other commentators in all parts of the country, is of no concern to Mr. Utt. What makes the book intolerable to him is that Miss Mitford a dozen years ago was accused of membership in subversive organizations and that someone once identified her husband as a Communist."

NATIONAL REVIEW *Bulletin*, off on a McCarthyite bender, recalled just last week that several "someones" had in fact made accusations; that is, had, under oath before legally constituted agencies of both federal and state governments, identified Miss Mitford as a member of the Communist Party. Many bridges can be burned in "a dozen years" or so but from the record it's not all that clear Miss Mitford has burned hers.

Jessica Mitford is one of six daughters of the second Lord Redesdale, all of whom according to Miss Mitford's *Daughters and Rebels* converted the rejection of family ways into international prominence (and notoriety). Deborah married the Duke of Devonshire; Diana married Sir Oswald Mosley, the British fascist; Pamela married a scientist; Unity Freeman became Hitler's "Nordic Goddess"; and Nancy is, well, Nancy. Only Jessica among them chose Communism, a loyalty she cemented by eloping with the Communist Esmond Romilly, nephew of Sir Winston Churchill; for which Lord Redesdale disowned her.

Esmond Romilly fought in the Spanish Civil War as a Republican. The *San Francisco Examiner* (Feb. 19, 1961) remarked of their life together that "the two self-avowed Communists continued their fight against the upper-crust society from which they had fled." But Romilly was killed in the Second World War, and Jessica Mitford came to the United States, where she buried herself—flamboyantly—in left-wing activities.

She was secretary of the Communist-dominated Local 221 of the United Federal Workers of America, and financial director of the California Labor School, cited as subversive by the Attorney General. The Communist *People's World* (Sept. 19, 1946) congratulated her successful fund-raising as a county financial director of the Communist Party. While working for the Office of Price Administration she met her present husband, Robert Treuhaft, a lawyer, who was later identified (1953, and again in 1957) before HUAC as a member of the Communist Party (he appeared before the Committee in 1953 and took the Fifth on all questions concerning his affiliations). Treuhaft's former law partner, Bertram Edises, and a present partner, Doris Brin Walker, have also been identified as Communists.

The Treuhafts opened their home to Communist Party gatherings—for instance, an all-night party in 1949, according to the Communist *People's World*. Miss Mitford (Mrs. Decca Treuhaft) devoted herself throughout the '50s to her duties as executive secretary of the East Bay Civil Rights Congress, cited as subversive by the Attorney General, HUAC and the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, in which capacity she kept local law enforcement agencies hopping with charges of racial discrimination and police brutality. Also in this capacity, she won the special praise of Albert J. Lima, Chairman of the Northern California CP. The East Bay CRC was represented legally by her husband's law firm. When the Treuhafts visited Communist Hungary weeks after the Hungarian Rebellion, they wrote for *People's World* (Feb. 17, 1957) that all was sweetness and light in Budapest.

One of her activities with the East Bay CRC, to de-

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Focus on '64

◆ This column reported on September 24 that the boomlet then being arranged for General Clay rested on the understanding that if lightning didn't strike soon, the Ike forces would get behind Governor Scranton of Pennsylvania, continuing the favorite-son ploy. Well, the Lucius feat turned clay, and then there was silence, and then in quick step the new boom arose. *October 16.* Scranton is quoted as saying that if a draft movement develops for him, he'll "respond to block it. . . . We're no longer in the Harding era where your friends surprise you with a draft." *October 18.* Richard Nixon, from Paris, issued instructions. He noted that Scranton seemed to be avoiding talk of his possible candidacy, added that that was Scranton's political habit, but warned that the days of convention maneuvers in back rooms are over. *October 20.* Governor Scranton told a television audience that he would "accept an honest and sincere draft."

◆ Well then, where does that place Richard Nixon? Along the Eisenhower-Scranton axis? Not exactly. *October 18.* Governor Rockefeller, on tour in New Hampshire, when asked if he and Nixon were in league, said, "Well, he's a lot closer to me than he was before" (they live in the same apartment building). Rockefeller went on to say he thinks Nixon is now a Presidential candidate and would be "sure to be in the wings" if a deadlock developed at San Francisco next year. Which puts Nixon in communication with two of the three major GOP camps. There remains only one thing: if Nixon comes out for Goldwater, we'll know he's a candidate for sure.

◆ A straw for that wind: in Chicago not long ago, Nixon met with the editors of seven major newspapers in a secret probing of their views towards his possible candidacy. The meeting was set up by Don Maxwell. editor of the *Chicago Tribune.*

◆ And a strawlet for the other wind: Governor Scranton has quietly asked a big public relations firm in Texas if, under certain circumstances, they'd care to have a bit of business. . . .

---

fend one Jerry Newson (charged with murder), has set a persistent pattern. In 1953 she served on the Bay Area Committee to Secure Clemency for the Rosenbergs (convicted atom spies); in 1961, using the name Jessica Mitford, she signed a Petition to the President for Clemency for (the identified Communist) Carl Braden, which was released by the Communist-front Southern Conference Educational Fund; in 1961, again under the name Jessica Mitford (a "writer from Oakland"), she signed a Petition to the President Against the Internal Security Act of 1950; and when Kennedy visited Berkeley in March 1962, she led picketing for the local (convicted atom spy) Morton Sobell Defense Committee.

HUAC's 1961 report, "The Truth about the Film 'Operation Abolition,'" stated that Mrs. Decca Treuhaft, a member of the Communist Party," sold anti-Committee literature at a meeting (May 5, 1960) of the East Bay Community Forum which, according to J. Edgar Hoover, a CP official has stated is Communist-controlled. Later, *The Nation* ran an article by Miss Mitford defending the anti-HUAC riots (which occurred after the East Bay Community Forum meeting). Elsewhere, she helped organize the East Bay Benefit for the (Communist-supported) Highlander Research and Education Center in Nashville, Tennessee, and was a guest of honor at the *People's World* Silver Anniversary Dinner.

In 1951 she had appeared before the California Senate Fact-Finding Committee on Un-American Activities and refused to answer all questions concerning her affiliations, pleading the 5th Amendment. In 1953 she was identified as a branch and county functionary of the CP in the sworn testimony of Dixon Hill before HUAC. Dr. Jack Patten and Mrs. Dorothy Jeffers identified her as a Party member in HUAC hearings of June 1957. In 1956 the Subversive Activities Control Board held hearings on the California Labor School at which Mrs. Treuhaft was identified as a member and local officer of the CP by William Michael Foard, by Bessie Honig, by Sylvia G. Hill, by Dorothy M. Jeffers, by Timothy Evans and by George William Smith. The most recent official citation of her CP membership was in the above-mentioned 1961 HUAC report.

So she's written a very good book [See Francis Russell's review, *NR*, October 22] and the fact that she appears to be a Communist has nothing to do with how good the book happens to be.

But the fact that she wrote a good book doesn't mean she's a civilized human being. Her record indicates she does deadlier things by far than morticians do.

Coincidence or Not

Do you have a suspicious mind?

If so, feast your eyes on this . . .

1. On December 19, 1961, the brothers Reuther, Walter and Victor, addressed a memorandum to Attorney General Robert Kennedy suggesting ways, legal and illegal, by which he might crack down on the Radical Right, defined as "bounded on the left by Senator Goldwater and on the right by Robert Welch." Briefly, the Reuthers proposed to harness the powers of the Administration, of the Attorney

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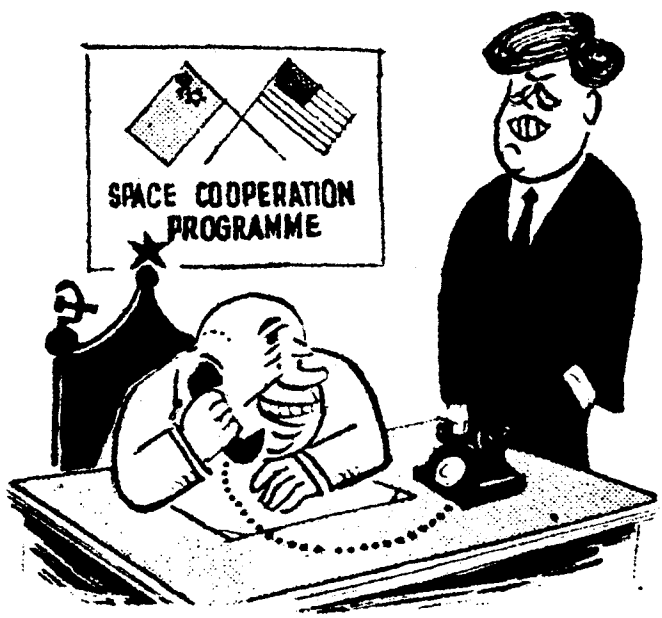
General, of the Internal Revenue, and of the Federal Communications Commission to effect their purpose. It was proposed that the military be muzzled; that right-wing groups be labeled "subversive"; that the Internal Revenue Department revoke the tax exemptions of conservative-minded organizations; and that "the Federal Communications Commission . . . consider examining into the extent of the practice of giving free time to the radical right and . . . take measures to encourage stations to assign comparable time for an opposing point of view on a free basis." The Reuthers are aware that the Right has always depended heavily on the air waves to put forward its views, since most of the opinion-making channels are in effect closed by the Liberal orthodoxy in the academies, the major magazines, and the press.

2. On July 26, 1963, the Federal Communications Commission issued a notice to all broadcast licensees "concerning stations' responsibilities under the fairness doctrine as to controversial issue programming." Recalling an opinion of the Commission dated June 1, 1949, the report called on each broadcaster to recognize "an affirmative obligation to afford reasonable opportunity for the presentation of contrasting viewpoints on any controversial issue which he chooses to cover." Specifically, "when a controversial program involves a personal attack upon an individual or organization, the licensee must transmit the text of the broadcast to the person or group attacked, wherever located, either prior to or at the time of the broadcast, with a specific offer of his station's facilities for an adequate response." In determining "compliance with the fairness doctrine," the Commission warned, it will look to "substance rather than to label or form. It is immaterial whether a particular program or viewpoint is presented under the label of 'Americanism,' 'anti-Communism,' or 'states rights,' or whether it is a paid announcement, official speech, editorial or religious broadcast. Regardless of label or form, if one viewpoint of a controversial issue of public importance is presented, the licensee is obligated to make a reasonable effort to present the other opposing viewpoint or viewpoints."

3. On August 22, 1963, the Radio TV Guide issued by the AFL-CIO publicized the FCC's memorandum and enjoined its membership to make the most of it: "Here are 16 propaganda programs known to be hostile to labor and to labor's objectives. Note their titles. If you hear one of them broadcast by a radio station or telecast by a TV station in your area, report this fact to a local [union] officer. Report the station, the date and time, the title of the program and the gist of the attack. [Union] officers will pass your report on to the local central labor council and help conduct a full investigation. . . ."

All right, all right, so maybe it was a coincidence. It is not in the least inconceivable, considering that the forces of repression do, everywhere, tend to rise spontaneously. But the truly mischievous aspect of the FCC's report is its hopeless ambiguity. No broadcaster can possibly know, for sure, how he may behave. Question. If a local bank sponsors Clarence Manion's Forum, must the broadcasting station find a sponsor, or in the event it fails to do so, give free time to Drew Pearson? Question. If a sermon by the local minister is broadcast, should time be made available to the village atheist? Question. If a commentator criticizes Strom Thurmond for conducting a filibuster, must the broadcaster write a letter to Strom Thurmond and offer him the opportunity to reply?

The chaotic implications of this directive are a classic instance of the dangers of administrative law. The Commissioners are not evil or authoritarian persons, and indeed one of them that we know of is doing his level best to elucidate the memorandum in order to clarify the FCC's position and restore a little peace of mind to worried broadcasters. But it remains that confusion reigns and that it is the job of Congress to clarify the situation, and to state



Waite Ben Roth Agency

"Say, Mao—how would you like to be first man on the moon?"

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

LORD HOME GOT THE JOB
says Anthony Lejeune

BUT HE WON'T KEEP IT LONG
says Auberon Waugh

KENYA CAULDRON
by Elspeth Huxley

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what are and what are not the rights of broadcasters in respect of controversial opinion. Even if this particular memorandum was completely coincidental with Reuthers', it is chilling to reflect on the fact that the machinery for intimidation, for discretionary harassment, is right there and in perfect running order; and that such politically powerful persons as the Reuther brothers specifically urged the Attorney General to avail himself of that machinery in order to persecute a minority point of view.

Congress will hold hearings. We will broadcast the findings.

The Higher Learning

The Princeton University campus, last month, was host to two of the nation's most conspicuous racists. "In the plush, vaulting Faculty Lounge of the Firestone Library, a coat-and-tied audience" (we quote the *Princeton Alumni Weekly*) listened attentively to a long harangue by Malcolm X, most dynamic of the spokesmen of the Black Muslims, and heir apparent to the Messenger of Allah Elijah, Muhammad. Malcolm X explained that the Muslims—fastest growing section of the surging Negro movement—were actively preparing for the "Armageddon of the Western World," in which white men, most particularly American white men, will be annihilated and black men, in accordance with the will of the supreme black god, will resume their rightful place as sole lords of creation. X was, we may presume, accompanied, as is his custom, by members of the Muslims' storm troop formation, Fruit of Islam, highly trained in all the arts of judo, karate, knife work and small-arms fire. "The predominantly white audience applauded heartily and Mr. X left," concludes the *Weekly*'s account.

A few nights later, the guest was Ross Barnett, the weary, and wearisome governor of Mississippi who said and did so many foolish things in the matter of James Meredith, among others. Governor Barnett, although he does not advocate killing or liquidating anyone on account of race, creed or color nevertheless believes that Negroes should be socially segregated.

You may be sure that Princeton, town and gown and out-of-town, did not let pass without blazing response so flagrant a challenge as the presence of Governor Barnett. For weeks in advance the *Weekly* tells us, public opinion, led by the University chaplains, denounced the invitation, demanded its cancelation, and, if Barnett came after all that, called for a mass outpouring of protest. Two hours before his scheduled arrival, a rally of 3,500 roared their fury, displayed their Freedom banners and chanted "We Shall Overcome!" During the governor's speech, "the crowd was impolite, hissing and booing at frequent intervals," and shouting out insults and catcalls. Said one student afterwards: "It was an education in itself to see the man."

In the same issue of the *Weekly* that carried these accounts, Norman Thomas, in a letter introducing himself as "an old Princetonian . . . who has fought for civil liberties most of his adult life," deplored "the extraordinary social irresponsibility" of the invitation to Governor Barnett.

President Kennedy, at about the same time, was 1) ordering a twenty-one gun salute, red carpet and champagne toasts at the White House, for Marshal Tito, executioner of his country's freedom and several tens of thousands of his countrymen, lately reconciled with the primary leader of world Communism, Nikita (We Will Bury You) Khrushchev, known informally to the older set as The Butcher of the Ukraine: and 2) shutting all official doors and voices against Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu, first lady of the nation that is currently the front line of the war of free men for survival.

Notes and Asides

You will not see the feature, *For The Record,* in the editorial section, this week or in any future week. But do not despair. Flip to the last page, opposite the back cover, and there it is enlarged if not improved. Those of you who furnish us with material useful to that column are herewith thanked, once again, and encouraged to keep on sending in material.

An attentive reader has complained that NATIONAL REVIEW's references to the Liberty Amendment leave the impression that it is simply a proposal to repeal the income tax law, indifferent to the consequent swelling of the federal deficit. He reminds us that the proposal, as developed by Mr. Willis Stone and submitted in each new Congress by Rep. James B. Utt (R., Calif.), includes proposals for hacking away at non-defense federal spending projects sufficient to offset the loss of personal income tax revenues. True. Due regard is given by the Liberty Amendment to the need for budget balance. Although NATIONAL REVIEW has doubted the accuracy of many of the estimates that go into the Liberty Amendment calculations, there are no grounds for doubting the earnestness of its supporters' concern for fiscal security and there is every reason to believe that the great efforts made in its behalf, though they may never achieve the explicit goal they aimed at, will have awakened tens of millions of people to the crying need for radical alteration of the U.S. tax system. Okay, Mr. Loftus?

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From Washington Straight

CATO

The 88th Congress, first session, has now established a record for longevity: no peacetime Congress has ever babbled on so long. There is even some talk that this session may not adjourn at all, but terminate only by smashing into the date set by law for convening the next session, January 3, 1964. The record for a long Congress has stood only since the session last year, which couldn't bring itself to adjourn until October 13, despite the impending elections.

Cato

Why has there been so little speculation about ever-lengthening Congresses? Particularly, since the last two sessions distinguished themselves by accomplishing next to nothing?

In 1962 Rep. Walter Judd, then waging what turned out to be a losing fight for his House seat, charged that Congress was being kept in Washington by the Democratic leadership simply because President Kennedy did not want congressmen at home buddying it up with their constituents. By this device, Judd said, the Administration hoped to rid itself of, by and large, senior members of Congress, who had often led the opposition to the Administration's programs. Rep. Judd, of course, was a conspicuous victim of this tactic, but Republicans were by no means the only intended targets.

The Administration is still trying to keep congressmen away from their constituencies, it is beginning to be believed on both sides of the aisle. But for a different reason: to keep them from sampling the anti-Kennedy sentiments presently swelling at the grassroots.

It is a certainty that the '64 session will adjourn in plenty of time for election campaigns, because a great number of Administration favorites will be on the firing line. But for now Congress is not about to call a halt quite simply because the leaders of the Democratic majority do not want it to adjourn. And with due regard for the amount of constructive legislation—or any legislation, for that matter—brought forth by this Congress, it could as well have adjourned in July.

One of the real surprises of this session has been the failure of the legendary GOP-Dixiecrat coalition to function effectively. On only one occasion has the coalition bestirred itself dramatically—the first House vote on the porkish Area Redevelopment Administration Act, when the Southerners, led by Judge Howard W. Smith (D., Va.), joined with the Republicans to whup the bill (net saving: $\$1/2$ billion). However, the timing of this vote coincided with the civil rights crisis last summer, and thus hardly reflects the coalition's health.

Congressional Quarterly's calculations amount to an obituary for the coalition. Until October 9, *CQ* figured, the coalition had gathered for only nine of 73 roll call votes. But since of these nine it won seven, its decreasing influence will be cause for regret among opponents of federal wastemanship.

It was generally believed last year, following the very much improved showing of the Republican Party in the South, and considering the southern boom for Goldwater, that southern representatives would be forced to take more conservative positions in the 88th Congress. Exactly the opposite has happened.

The saltier pros regard the liberalization of many Dixiecrats without surprise. The depth of Goldwater strength in the South, they point out, is so great that the Southerners are convinced they face a heavy threat from the Republican Party. And so, they are following party dictates in order to get the support from the National Democratic Party they will need to survive next November. If this line of thought is valid (and it is at least to the extent that the GOP will field opponents to virtually every southern Democrat next year), then the lopsided Democratic majority in Congress, rather than the coalition, will be the predominant fact of the next session. And it's a good bet that Mr. Kennedy's legislative program will find renewed vigah.

There is a widening disparity between facts and the copy being filed by many influential elements of the press, particularly reporters covering foreign hot spots such as South Vietnam. Call it "interpretive" reporting or what you will, the truth is that misinformation is being too rhythmically published, and with too damaging an effect on U.S. foreign policy, to escape complaint. Among truly objective newsmen, who have the most to resent in sculptured reporting, the feeling is that a major press scandal could be shaping up.

Item. A handful of reporters, including the renowned Marguerite Higgins, have warned from on the scene in South Vietnam that the actual situation there bears little likeness to the situation as copiously reported by the horde of pressmen who have gone off to fight the good fight against President Diem. The obvious parallel is the memorable tarring given Chiang Kai-shek by the press which so greatly aided the Red takeover in China. At that time, one recalls, Mme. Chiang failed to recognize the superior qualities of American reporters and thus was pampered only slightly less than Mme. Nhu is today. One well-known columnist, looking at the job being done on Mme. Nhu, has commented, "They've given her everything they gave Mme. Chiang, except the pink silk sheets."

Item. The word on the coups in the Dominican Republic and Honduras, as, say, generated by Dan Kurzman of the *Washington Post* and Tad Szulc of the *New York Times,* is that they have been unable to find any Red foxes in the henhouse, and if they are any Communists around True Democracy can't *work* without them, and it's an outrage. This all is light-years away from the substance of the coups.

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Principles and Heresies

Conservatism and the Goldwater Consensus

FRANK S. MEYER

It is now official. *Time*, *Newsweek*, and the *New York Times* all consider Barry Goldwater "the leading Republican Presidential candidate." At this moment—with the seriousness of Senator Goldwater's candidacy universally recognized and before we enter the gruelling months of campaigning, from January to July and on to November — it may be helpful to survey the road the conservative movement has come these past few years, and to consider its future, particularly its relationship to the broad national consensus that can make Goldwater President of the United States. For, we should make no mistake about it, the conscious conservative movement and the Goldwater following (to say nothing of the potential Goldwater following) are not one and the same thing.

Meyer

The conservative movement, to begin with, is not limited in its perspectives to the arena of the purely political. It looks towards nothing less than a deep-going renewal of American life in the spirit of the Western and American tradition—a renewal at every level of existence: social, intellectual, philosophical, spiritual, as well as political. Its ends cannot be attained by a political victory alone, important though such a victory is.

I do not wish to minimize in any way the importance of that victory; without it, nothing else is possible. The driving power of modern government in the hands of ideologues (who have in effect controlled it these past three decades) steadily stifles the energies of free persons within our borders and brings more and more imminently upon us the danger of subjugation from without. The *political* problem is, at this point, primarily a defensive one: to remove from government — particularly the executive branch and the bureaucracy—the dominant influence of ideology, and release the energies of a long-thwarted people.

It will then be the task of American conservatives to give leadership to those energies, to formulate intellectually the sound prejudices of a released citizenry, and to guide its actions. This is a stupendous program—a task not of a year, not even of a single generation; but it is the challenge of this task that has brought into being the American conservative movement of these years. And if the challenge seems overwhelming, let us consider for a moment (before turning to the problem of the relationship of the conservative movement to the election of Goldwater) how far we have come already, in how brief a time.

A dozen years ago there was, in the sense that it exists today, no American conservative movement. The hurricane spawned in 1932 had swept across the country leaving only islands of resistance, uncoordinated and intellectually isolated. There were free-enterprise economists desperately holding the fort in the universities; there was a stubborn rearguard action in the Congress against the increasing powers of government; there was a widespread anti-Communist sentiment, expressed by a few valiant individuals of whom the archetype was Whittaker Chambers. There was, indeed, a beginning of the articulation of an over-all conservative position: Richard Weaver's *Ideas Have Consequences* was published in 1948; William Buckley's *God and Man at Yale* in 1951; and, in the wake of the Hiss case and the McCarthy *démarches*, intellectual activity was beginning to hammer out the shape of American conservatism.

In the brief dozen years since then, the situation has been transformed. "Conservative," from being a curse word, a designation from which all but the most intrepid fled, has become a roaring challenge to the established power and the established aridities of the post-Roosevelt era. In every field of national life, from academy and church, television and press, to school district and Congressional District, the battle between Liberalism and conservatism has become the central issue.

Conservatism, then, has come of age; but it would be utopian to believe that any political victory, even the election of Barry Goldwater to the Presidency, could by itself fulfill the conservative vision. By the same token, it is political shortsightedness of a most dangerous kind to demand or expect that a candidate for the Presidency, whose task it is to create a new consensus to replace the prevailing power of Liberal ideology, should stand in splendid purity as champion of the whole sweep of conscious American conservatism. The task of such a man is to change the direction of political events by leading a consensus united by instinct and broad belief, not to be the intellectual leader of the conservative movement which is the spearhead of that consensus.

If I have in these pages, in 1956 and 1960, opposed the candidacies of Eisenhower and Nixon, it was not out of insistence upon conservative purity, but rather because nothing in their campaigns showed a determination to reverse the general trend of American politics. That, Barry Goldwater has shown and continues to show. So long as he does so, he deserves the wholehearted and energetic support of conservatives no matter how much they may disagree with his pronouncements on this or that peripheral issue or his proposals for the practical implementation of basic principles.

Vigilance is the price of liberty, and it is right that conservatives assess the direction of Goldwater's thought; but they should not mistake his necessary role and demand of him a role which is not his. Let us leave to Walter Lippmann and James Reston the thesis (patently directed towards alienating the right wing from Goldwater) that the statement of basic principles in terms un-

(Continued on p. 413)

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Special Report

Conservatives in Europe Too

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Rome

The Right stirs not only in America but in Europe. Just as most of Europe, all save a small and cosmopolitan minority, likes to believe that excepting a few cranks who have discovered that Eisenhower was a Communist, America was reborn under the New Deal, and even now, under the leadership of John Fitzgerald Kennedy, is excreting whatever conservative juices still lurk in her system; so America tends to believe that all that part of Europe which is not explicitly Marxist is sunk in a welfarist sloth from which it is not likely to emerge again whole.

Buckley

Both views, of course, are largely false. There is in Europe a Right better creased philosophically than the bagginess of poor Mr. Macmillan, and its representatives recently met here for four days, to inform each other of each other's existence, under the auspices of a handful of bright young Italians who have founded the Centro di Vita Italiana.

The stated purpose of the Conference was to seek out modern formulations for traditional values in order to influence the leadership of the free world, the intellectuals, and the public. Time was also given over to discussing the techniques of communication. In the words of Professor Thomas Molnar, the Right needs a "network of culture." Our conservatism will never be cut out of exactly the same cloth as the Italians', but American conservatives must seek to understand European traditions, just as the Europeans must understand our own—and both of us understand other peoples'. We must, another speaker said, master the uses of power before it is too late: for it is abundantly clear that America's failure to know how to use her power is responsible not for the degeneracy of Western ways, but for the capacity of the enemy to do us harm.

Another speaker called on the West to arm itself against the prodigious hypocrisies of our time (of which last week's vote by the United Nations against South Africa is a near perfect example). Why, he wondered, do we always worry about the exploitation of a people up until they are "liberated"—and then stop? And still another speaker pointed out that the problem of the underdeveloped nations is not a problem of maldistribution, but a problem of underproduction. In one country in Central America, he pointed out, the people celebrate one hundred feast days per year during which all commercial activity ceases. In that same country one third of the entire working force is employed in selling national lottery tickets to the other two thirds. Who is responsible for the poverty there? The National Association of Manufacturers?

Momentary Diversion

The American delegation, headed by John Dos Passos, sat there with mouths wide open, listening to fifteen speeches and papers per day giving numerous but congruent versions of the philosophy and strategy of European conservatism. "For the first time in years," John Dos Passos said, closing the assembly, "I feel I have really encountered Europe." I said closing, I should have said attempting to close the assembly. Mr. Dos Passos' farewell was followed by a first-class Italian brawl, during which everyone shouted and no one listened, over the question whether the Italian Risorgimento (the unification of Italy during the nineteenth century) is properly thought of as a conservative event. The rest of us, though enjoying the spectacle hugely, felt rather like voyeurs; it was as though an assembly in America, seeking the revival of conservatism, got stuck over the question whether the outcome of the Civil War was an assimilable part of the American historical experience (my own view, in the event you care to have it, is that it was not, and that we continue to be tormented by the trauma that War brought).

But that was merely an historical and romantic diversion. These are very serious people. The Italians, you see, are threatened from within. It is not in the least likely that Russian armies will swarm down into the Po Valley, but it is very possible indeed that the barbarians will seize control from within. In Italy it is hardly an extremist statement to contend that the threat is internal, not external. Marxist-dominated parties put together a majority during the tragic election in June of this year, the fruit of Italian dalliance with the *apertura a sinistra*, beloved of loose-minded Italian Christian Democrats, and our own New Frontiersmen.

The result is that Italy is closer to voluntary submission to Communist tyranny than any nation, let alone an important nation, has ever come in the history of this bloody century. There is a great deal of resentment in Italy against America, under whose leadership, it is properly adjudged, all this became possible; but to judge from the attitudes expressed by many of the hundred-odd intellectuals at the meeting, insufficient blame is being put on the shoulders of the Italian people, who are rolling merrily along into the darkness in their Fiat cars. Mr. Boutang quivered with anger when he spoke about the decline of values in America, a nation which, he said, has become feminized, and impotent. While understanding his point insofar as America's leadership is concerned, the American delegation permitted itself a moment of pride in contemplation of the relative good health of the American people, against whose native good sense Communism has been knocking its head in vain for four decades. It can truly be said that we have not offered Italy adequate leadership. It cannot be said that it was we who planted in Italy the seeds of self destruction which almost half the population is busily cultivating.

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What's Really Going On in Vietnam

ARCHBISHOP NGO DINH THUC

The Archbishop of Hué discusses the incident that touched off the religious crisis in South Vietnam: he maintains the issue is political, not religious

I have been asked by Catholics of Europe, Asia and America, who are grievously troubled by reports of the international news services, why it is that in Vietnam, Catholics are today persecuting their Buddhist brethren. In the face of so much dismay and confusion on the part of well-intentioned people, I believe it to be my duty as an Archbishop of Vietnam to make a simple presentation of the facts, allowing each person of good will to judge freely who are the persecutors and who the persecuted, who are the calumniators and who the calumniated.

What follows is, in my humble opinion, the immediate cause of the Buddhist disorders and how they have developed.

1) Every year the birthday of Buddha (falling this year on May 4, 1963) is celebrated for three days—according to a program drawn up by the Committee of Celebrations and which is submitted for approbation to the Provincial authorities. Two years previously the Minister of the Interior had twice prescribed that *all* denominations should reserve the first place for the national flag, when flags are flown during a religious celebration.

Two days before May 4, 1963, a telegram from the President's cabinet contained an even stricter reminder of these instructions for all religions. I myself had the Vatican flag take down, on the occasion of the consecration of the Redemptorist church in Hué, in keeping with the instructions of the Government. This then was a general ordinance, one passed two years ago. Attention was called to it two days before the Buddhist feast, but this also served as a reminder to Catholics two weeks before the Feast of the Ascension. The police therefore requested the non-Catholics, who had decorated their garden gates along the public road, to conform to the ordinance. This led to a protest by the bonzes. The Provincial administration of Hué, yielding to their demands, ordered the police not to upset the people. Therefore all the Buddhist flags flew during the three days of the celebration. The bonzes, who had been encouraged by the concession made by the Administration, demanded that the presidential ordinance be withdrawn for the future.

Bonzes Shift Blame

2) In this emboldened mood, instead of following the program for the celebration approved by the authorities, they organized a mass meeting at the national radio station and demanded the broadcast of their insulting, anti-Government protestations in place of the broadcast of the program for which they had already obtained authorization. Meanwhile, the crowd of demonstrators, crying out loudly against the Government, had invaded the courtyard of the radio station. The police and a group of soldiers of the regular army arrived with fire hoses and tear gas bombs to try to control the manifestation. While the head of the province, who had arrived at the radio station, was conferring with the chief bonze, part of the demonstrators, along with some passers-by, went up the steps of the radio station, throwing rocks and breaking down the doors. At this moment an explosion (believed due to a plastic bomb) occurred on the steps, killing seven persons, among whom were two Catholic catechumens and four others, sons of policemen or of public officials.

The bonzes profited from this tragic event by pinning the responsibility on the forces of order and by canonizing the unfortunate victims — in spite of protests from the families of those who had been killed, except for two families who cooperated with them.

3) Next the bonzes presented their famous five requests to the Government; this signaled the beginning of the dispute between the General Buddhist Association of Vietnam and the Central Government.

Here is a summary of these five requests:

1) "That the Government repeal definitively the official telegram banning the religious emblem of Buddhism."

2) "That Buddhism benefit from the same special treatment granted to the Catholic missions according to ordinance No. 10."

3) "That the Government stop arresting and persecuting the Buddhists."

4) "That the bonzes and the Buddhists be granted freedom of worship and freedom to propagate their faith."

5) "That the Government indemnify equitably the victims, who

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were unjustly assassinated, and punish in a fitting manner those responsible."

Then was established the United Committee for the Defense of Buddhism (representing various sects), to obtain satisfaction for these claims by peaceful means, that is, by manifestations on the public street, fasting in the Buddhist manner, and human sacrifices.

To help you understand what follows, I add these remarks: The struggle is being led by the General Buddhist Association of Vietnam, which was founded some five years ago and which is the best organized among the other autonomous Buddhist sects. This association claims to number one million members: it is the most numerous, but it is far from making up 85 per cent of the population of South Vietnam, which has a population of 15 million, most of whom belong to ancestor worshiping sects, as in China. For a Buddhist, Buddhism is only a more or less thick veneer applied to this basic ancestor worship. What we have, therefore, is a fight against the Government by certain leaders of the General Buddhist Association, not by all those who belong to the Association. A few other Buddhist sects—not all of them—have joined with the Association for this campaign.

4) The Government named a ministerial commission presided over by the Vice President of the Republic (a non-Catholic) to meet with the Committee for the Defense of Buddhism in order to satisfy as much as possible what was legitimate in the five requests.

Preposterous Proposals

First of all, the Buddhists were granted what they sought with reference to their flag. They also demanded that the other Buddhist sects, which had not taken part in the dispute, be allowed to enjoy the same privilege. The Government agreed to this request.

Strengthened by their success, they sought the punishment of the officials who were said to have mistreated the Buddhists in the past. The Government proposed that the Committee for the Defense of Buddhism take part in a joint committee made up of several government ministers which had been established to investigate these persecutions. The investigations were to be public and open to the press. The Buddhist Association laid down as a preliminary condition for cooperation that the Government assume responsibility for the deaths in Hué. The Government replied that it was precisely to determine the responsibility of the events in Hué that the joint investigatory committee was being set up. The bonzes continued to insist on their preliminary condition, and collaboration became impossible.

Meanwhile, the human sacrifices began. Here is how the bonzes worked: They chose three good old bonzes, and drew lots to see which should be burned. They drugged him and covered him with gasoline to burn him. In Hué we heard the screams of the bonze destined to be burned at the Tu-Dam pagoda, the center of the General Buddhist Association. The bonze refused to die and the other bonzes overwhelmed him with hammer blows—this was the reason for the terrifying screams. At Hué, likewise, a young bonze, who is said to have died of natural causes, was burned, and the bonzes refused to allow an autopsy—this they also refused in the other case just described when the authorities wanted to determine the cause of death. The authorities had to give in so as not to appear to be provoking these fanatics.

Why use the word "fanatic" to designate certain individuals hidden under Buddhist robes?

There are two categories of bonzes. The first comprises those who officially practice celibacy and live in community. Formerly, the Vietnamese, a people easily given to scoffing, used to say that only the lazy and the incompetent became bonzes, because their upkeep was and is assured by the income of the pagodas. Their instruction, with the exception of a few men of letters, was almost nil. They learned by heart liturgical prayers in Pali which they recited without understanding, as our little altar boys do today with their Latin. The saffron yellow habit distinguished them from laymen. Therefore, anyone who wished entered and may still enter, and they may as easily leave, if they wish. What an organization to serve as a refuge for our friends the Communists, protected from the police by the right of asylum given to the pagodas.

The other category comprises married bonzes who care for the small Buddhist sanctuaries scattered throughout the villages.

The fact that bonzes are chosen in a loose and superficial manner explains the behavior of certain individuals who wear the monastic habit without a vocation: they are the shame of the authentic bonzes who are highly respectable.

The presence of Communists among the bonzes is very probable since they have infiltrated even the Legion of Mary; by means of hypocritical

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zeal one once became the pillar of the Legion section in Lama, the Marian sanctuary in the diocese of Vinh-long.

The Communists, past masters at fishing in troubled waters, publicly took up the defense of Buddhism, speaking in the name of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam (North Vietnam), where almost all the pagodas have been destroyed and the bonzes assassinated or reduced to the state of slaves by the Communists.

The Committee for the Defense of Buddhism, making use of methods that escaped censorship, sent out calls for help, based on calumnies, to the World Buddhist Organization. This organization used its influence with the governments of Buddhist countries, such as Ceylon and Cambodia, which in turn appealed to the United Nations. Most of the international press services outdid each other in repeating these same calumnies.

International adventurers, furious that President Diem refused to obey them blindly, found the occasion favorable for provoking a *coup d'état* under the pretext of protecting Buddhism, but in reality attempting to set up a Vietnamese government subservient to their ambitions, thus playing the same game as their enemies, the Communists. According to the press, the *coup d'état* was to have taken place on the 21st of August. The state of siege, proclaimed just in time, cut the ground out from under these troublemongers.

In what way is the Catholic Church in Vietnam responsible for these troubles? In no way at all. But the bonzes, by means of *secret* propaganda among the people, accused the Catholics of being guilty of the massacres of Hué. The non-Catholics believed the affirmations of these holy personages and were preparing to massacre the Catholics in at least the two provinces of Hué and Quam—of which I am Archbishop—as soon as the *coup d'état* took place. Fortunately it was frustrated.

Who, then, are the persecutors? It is for you to judge. My job of providing information has been completed.

Notes of a New Nation

JUSTUS M. VAN DER KROEF

We can expect Sukarno and his Communist allies to throw everything into the battle against Malaysia for one reason: Malaysia is anti-Communist.

Singapore

As Indonesia mounts its offensive against the infant Malaysian Federation, doubts are being openly voiced here on the ability of Premier Tunku Abdul Rahman to lead Malaysia to victory against the overt and covert forces of Bung Sukarno. The Tunku gambled on being able to persuade Sukarno to drop his opposition to Malaysia at the little three summit at Manila in August by allowing the UN to "ascertain" the wishes of the population of Sarawak and Sabah (North Borneo). But the primary result has been a diminishing of the Tunku's own political stature. Singapore's tough, avowedly anti-Communist Premier Lee Kuan-yew, or Sabah's ponderously obstinate chief minister-designate, Donald Stephens, are increasingly being considered here as more likely to supply the self-reliant and uncompromising determination which Malaysian leadership needs. Even among his close followers the Tunku is being faulted, these days, not only for having jeopardized the creation of Malaysia at the Manila summit, but also, and more significantly, for not seeing through Indonesia's current tactic of playing "Maphilindo"—the confederation of Malaya, the Philippines and Indonesia—against Malaysia.

For Sabah and Sarawak the Tunku's concession at Manila amounted to an indignity difficult to forget. Last December and January extensive local elections were held in Sabah with Malaysia the major issue. The Sabah Alliance Party, an interracial coalition of the five principal political groupings favoring Malaysia, won more than 90 per cent of the votes and by early May had formed a government ready to take over from the British on "Malaysia day." Elections in Sarawak were held the following June and here the pro-Malaysia elements (like the Sarawak Alliance Party, Party Negara and various independents) got nearly 70 per cent of the votes cast and about the same percentage of seats in the new legislative council. In light of all this it is remarkable that the expressions of exasperation and indignation in the two Borneo territories after the announcement of the United Nations' "ascertainment" remained as restrained as they were.

Sukarno

The farce of the UN "ascertainment" undertaking was felt all the more keenly throughout Malaysia because the United Nations had, in fact, already verified the strong preponderance of pro-Malaysia sentiment in the Borneo territories. Earlier this year, U Thant sent UN Under-secretary for Special Political Affairs, C. V. Narasimhan, on a look-see tour through the Borneo territories, and

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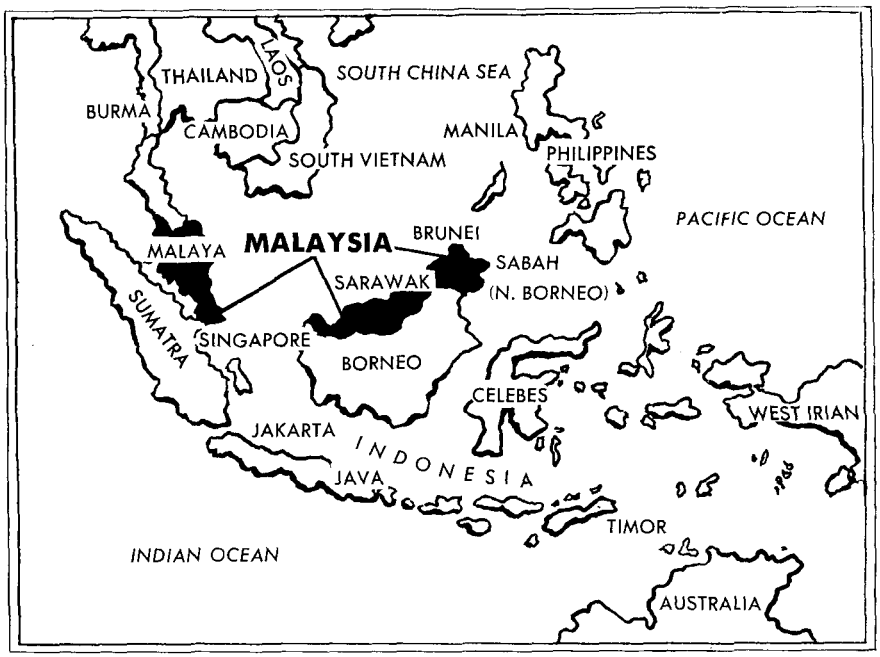
Narasimhan reported that the inhabitants of Sabah welcomed Malaysia. Even opposition parties, he said, protested only the contemplated structure of Malaysia, but not the principle of its formation.

Right after the Manila summit it was widely reported that U Thant's choice for the new "ascertainment" would again be Mr. Narasimhan. But Jakarta immediately protested. The Jakarta daily *Suluh Indonesia* charged that Mr. Narasimhan as a "Commonwealth citizen" was "likely to be biased in favor of Malaysia." U Thant bowed to Jakarta's wishes and named Laurence Michelmore to the fact-finding post. Then Sukarno raised a score of other piddling objections that made it clear to all that only an anti-Malaysia report would satisfy him, and that any UN finding other than this would set off new Indonesian opposition, as indeed it has.

The fact of the matter is that Indonesia never had the slightest intention of accepting Malaysia in its present form. And the most persistent theme running through the criticism of Rahman's work at the Manila summit is that the Tunku appears to have believed that eventually Indonesia would somehow accept the new Federation.



Three Centers of Power

Indonesia's opposition to Malaysia is not dictated by Sukarno's megalomaniacal ambitions, nor by strategic requirements alone. Government in Indonesia is an intricate balancing act between three principal centers of power, Sukarno, the army and a powerful Communist party of two million plus, with Sukarno leaning on one or the other to maintain himself in power. As early as 1961, well over a year before the Indonesian Government officially took a stand on the matter, Indonesian Communists were already raising a hue and cry over Malaysia, branding its possible formation, then being cautiously discussed in Kuala Lumpur and Singapore, as "a form of neo-colonialism," an "imperialist British plot," a "SEATO conspiracy" and so on.

The Sukarno Government, preoccupied with getting West New Guinea, took little notice at the time. By the middle of 1962, however, when thanks to U.S. pressure West New Guinea's transfer to Indonesia had been successfully forced on the Dutch and the Papuans, Jakarta suddenly began to join in the anti-Malaysia furor.

The opposition to Malaysia by the Indonesian Communists is understandable, for Malaysia's leaders are outspoken anti-Communists. The Tunku has repeatedly said that Malaysia was conceived as an anti-Communist bulwark and that without it the separate states of Sabah, Brunei, Sarawak, Singapore and even Malaya itself, which has battled Communist insurgents for years, would fall into Communist hands. The Malayan Communist Party has been outlawed for more than a decade and in both Malaya and Singapore Communists are confined to front activity. Communists and their sympathizers in Sarawak, forced to operate underground, are still smarting from a recent extensive government exposé of their operations. With the formation of Malaysia the anti-Communist campaign is expected to intensify through the adoption of a territory-wide internal security code. So long as the current grand alliance of anti-Communist, pro-Malaysia parties continues to hold sway, opposition by Communists in Indonesia or elsewhere is inevitable and mandatory.

The chief immediate danger to Malaysia is the rapidly spreading guerrilla activity in Sarawak which is supplied, trained and given sanctuary by Indonesia. Operations of the "National Liberation Army of Sarawak" or, as it is sometimes called, the "Army of the Government of North Borneo," increased sharply after the Manila summit. On August 6 Indonesian Defense Chief Nasution openly declared at a mass rally in Pontianak, West Borneo, that Indonesia was training the Borneo rebels. "It is no longer secret that we give them military training and war equipment to drive the colonialists out of Borneo," said Nasution. On August 12 a government spokesman in Kuching admitted that continuing guerrilla raids into Sarawak from Indonesian territory had led to evacuations in critical areas and the closing of several village schools. Anti-Malaysia Chinese groups in Sarawak appear to have made common cause with the guerrillas and many students in private Chinese schools are trekking into the jungle to join the guerrillas. Clashes with the rebels are reported almost daily. With a safe base of operations in Indonesian Borneo the Communist guerrillas in Sarawak, as they have in Vietnam, are putting into practice Mao Tse-tung's own Yenan strategy of "the protected rear."

Divided loyalties among the 250,000 Chinese in Sarawak, nearly a third of the territory's population, afford Jakarta as well as Peking particularly good opportunity to fish in troubled waters. Many Chinese in the Borneo territories, as in Singapore, fear the coming of Malaysia because of an expected "Malaicization" of government and national culture and closer

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supervision of business and political life. Having dominated the intermediate levels of economic life in the Malaysia area for centuries, the Chinese fear they will be required to take second place, both in business and in government.

Then there is the potentially explosive question of private Chinese schools in Southeast Asia which have been largely, if not wholly, oriented toward Chinese cultural traditions. Repeated efforts by the Malayan and Singapore governments in recent years to orient pupils in these schools toward a national Malayan image of loyalty have been bitterly resisted and branded by Chinese leaders as attempts to "destroy" Chinese culture. Communist opposition to Malaysia thus neatly dovetails with a desire for Chinese "cultural" autonomy and also with the lingering resentment of the Chinese throughout Malaysia over alleged discrimination against them in government employment.

There are, to be sure, potent pro-Malaysia groupings throughout the area. Malayan Chinese are found at all levels of government, and certainly the Tunku has a reputation for scrupulous fairness in the ancient Malayan-Chinese communal conflict—yet the animosities persist.

A strong federated union of Malaya, Singapore, Sarawak, Sabah and probably eventually Brunei, with important economic potentials and a determined anti-Communist leadership—this Indonesia will never willingly accept. The entry of separate small Malay states, plus the Philippines, into a regional confederation with Indonesia, which Indonesia because of size and numbers would dominate, is another matter. This is why Indonesian officials and political leaders continue to praise the "spirit of Maphilindo" while at the same time condemning Malaysia. The Tunku, by agreeing to "Maphilindo" without bothering to spell out in just what way Malaysia, Indonesia and the Philippines would express their "closer association," gave Indonesia, and for that matter the Philippines, inexhaustible opportunities to involve themselves in Malaysia's affairs, just as appeals to the "spirit of Bandung" have provided the occasion for endless inter-Asian meddling since 1955. Still, the damage has been done. Indonesia means to use "Maphilindo" as a weapon against a "British made Malaysia," and to reap every propaganda benefit she can from posing as the champion of a "genuine" anti-colonial "Maphilindo" (under Indonesian dominance, needless to say).

The studious effort of the U.S. to stay aloof from Malaysia's problems until it was finally stirred into action by the sacking of the British embassy in Jakarta and the seizure of British property, is by way of becoming a quiet scandal here. Apart from one or two brief and *pro forma* pronouncements by President Kennedy and Secretary of State Rusk "welcoming" Malaysia, the U.S. appears to have no interest in encouraging Malaysia's beleaguered anti-Communist leaders. The United States is believed here to live in almost pathological fear of giving offense to Indonesia.

Even the Tunku's most ardent supporters recognize the anomaly, in Southeast Asia today, of a dependence on Britain. But where else can the Tunku turn? It would appear that the notorious U.S. deference to the sensibilities of the new African and Asian nations in the United Nations or out is limited to the more primitively nationalist and crypto-Communist types among them. The reality of the Malaysian situation is that an American announcement strongly endorsing the idea of Malaysia, lauding the democratically expressed wishes of its population to that end, and promising the kind of U.S. assistance so readily granted to Yugoslavia or Indonesia, would go far to allay the uncertainty about Malaysia's future. By its aloofness the U.S. is helping no one but Indonesia, that country's Communists, and their allies in Malaysia.

"Obviously your country is waiting for the *Barisan Sosialis* and the Socialist Front [two principal anti-Malaysia fellow-traveling parties] to assume control of our government before it helps us," one of my Chinese-Malayan students remarked to me the other day after class. I thought he smiled mischievously as he said it—or did he?

The Evian Treaty

Ben Bella Laughing at De Gaulle?

GEORGES LAFFLY

When Ben Bella's world started to collapse around him several weeks ago and he was confronted simultaneously with armed rebellion at home and a border war with Morocco, he was hardly in a position to look to France for help. In the eighteen months since the signing of the Treaty of Evian, Ben Bella has, in effect, thumbed his nose at *le grand Charles* by tearing the Treaty of Evian to shreds, paragraph by paragraph, sentence by sentence, phrase by phrase. Indeed it could be said that the last eighteen months in Algeria are as clear an example of the non-application of treaty terms as can be found in modern history. To be sure the primary purpose of the Treaty of Evian, which was to confer independence on Algeria, has been attained, but all the meticulously worked out clauses which were to guarantee the rights of France and of Algerians of European descent in an independent Algeria have been violated, or simply not applied.

Ben Bella

This is the outcome, in part, of the peculiar conditions which dominated the Evian negotiations. First, these were not talks between two sovereign states, but between a state and a revolutionary movement. In addi-

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tion, the individuals who conducted the negotiations for the Algerians are today out of power. Krim Bellacim, the chief delegate, is in quasi-opposition; Saah Dahlab has been given only a minor post in Ben Bella's government. This in itself gives Ben Bella considerable ground for maneuver. He can say that not only were the Evian negotiators not true members of the revolution but also that it is now the will of the Algerian people that this or that treaty clause be abandoned or rejected.

Second, the accords sign at Evian were based on what turns out to be a fundamentally faulty analysis of the Algerian situation. Both the French delegates and the FLN (National Liberation Front) negotiators saw the situation the same way: they believed that the majority of the Europeans in Algeria would stay put. Their estimate was that, at most, 100,000 *pieds noirs,* out of a European community of one million, would leave. At least 800,000 have already emigrated—and that may even be a low figure.

This voided a number of the treaty provisions which dealt with technical cooperation since Algeria suddenly found herself deprived of the greater part of her engineers, her mechanics, her agricultural specialists, her civil servants, etc. This also, automatically, voided many of the clauses detailing European participation in local assemblies and governmental bodies, and those which, for instance, would have placed a number of schools under the control of an "Office of Culture" (whose real purpose was to see that European pupils did not become victims of a progressive "Arabization" of the teaching staffs).

Tragicomic Aspects

Another false premise which both sides accepted at Evian was that when France turned Algeria over to the FLN the FLN would be strong, united and capable of imposing order on the country. In point of fact, quarrels between FLN leaders, a breakdown in communications between the different regions of the country, and local frictions made for a state of anarchy which lasted through the summer of 1962. From the very start those clauses of the Evian Treaty which guaranteed the safety of the individual

and of property took on the semblance of a very bad joke.

Let's examine some of the treaty clauses and how they were applied, or not applied.

1. The cease-fire accords provided that once the fighting had ended (March 19), FLN troops would move back into the regions where their units had originally been recruited, and individual FLN members who found themselves in other than their own regions would lay down their arms and return home.

But no sooner had the cease-fire been proclaimed than the FLN went on a rampage with both individuals and units acting more like a conquering than a liberating army. With ranks swollen by new recruits, young men attracted to the army by the manifest advantages of victory (the new recruits were labeled the "fellagha of March 19"), the FLN organized victory meetings, makeshift courts, and threw up barricades across roads. They roared down into villages and towns to kill those who had shown themselves faithful to France.

Just to cite one example: On June 16, 1962, members of the FLN attacked and wounded a Moslem policeman called Fatha Guemmouni at Bougie, in the Constantine region. A French military patrol which was in the area at the time of the attack did nothing. French forces were under orders not to intervene in any case of this sort. No investigation into the case was made. Guemmouni—and I cite his case because it is characteristic of so much that went on at the time—ended up in a hospital at Bougie. On August 8 with his wounds still not healed, he was again seized by the ALN (National Liberation Army). He was carried out of the hospital, mocked and jeered, repeatedly struck and finally thrown into a bag which was then set on fire. The policeman managed to survive even this treatment and was then sent to a concentration camp at Camp-du-Maréshal (Grand Kabilye), then to the prison at Maison-Carrée, near Algiers, where he remained until just last week.

Although Guemmouni is a French civil servant and was, at the time of his capture, under orders to report for duty in Lyons, he remained in prison over a year. He was never tried (what charges would he be tried on?) and the French Government apparently had not the power (or was it the will?) to secure his liberation.

2. Article II of the cease-fire provided: "All prisoners taken in combat, and held by either side, shall be freed once the cease-fire is proclaimed."

Act Like Conquerors

Within a few days the French had liberated all their FLN prisoners, among whom were terrorists under sentence of death for the murder of women and children. But the FLN did not live up to its commitment. It has never released an estimated 300 French soldiers and several hundred civilians who had been kidnaped on the roads, and from their farms, during the course of the fighting. They are, doubtless, all dead. French deputies have repeatedly demanded that the government find out from Ben Bella what has happened to these lost citizens of France, but in vain.

In the three months between the cease-fire and the *auto-détermination* (independence referendum) of July 1, the FLN behaved like a conquering army with the assent of the French Government. While the *harkis* (native Moslem troops) and local defense forces—which is to say all the

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Moslems who had fought for France —were disarmed, the ALN troops ran wild. It was a psychological boost for July 1st when all Algerians would vote for, or against, independence.

It was a period of chaos. There was no single FLN authority, only local chieftains with their own ambitions and plans, acting more or less under the umbrella of the GPRA (Provisional Government of the Algerian Republic). Algeria was divided into a multitude of baronies at a time when a taste for pillage and a desire for revenge were strong.

3. The accords signed by Messrs. Joxe, Buron and de Broglie on the one hand and Krim on the other guaranteed the safety of the individual and of his property. "Frenchmen [who are] residents of Algeria," it read, "will be able to move freely in Algeria and to set up domicile wherever they choose. Frenchmen living in Algeria, who wish to leave [the country] to take up residence in another country, will be allowed to remove their movable belongings and to liquidate their immovable assets and to transfer their capital under conditions outlined in the clauses having to do with economic and financial cooperation, and also, to preserve pension rights acquired in Algeria, under the conditions outlined in the same clause.

"French residents . . . will receive the same treatment as Algerian nationals insofar as their civil rights are concerned."

A long citation, but necessary. For what is hidden under this sweet-smelling judicial bouquet?

Massacre of Oran

In the three months following independence, kidnaping and murder were rampant pretty much everywhere in Algeria. Kidnaping for ransom was the order of the day. There was no unleashing of popular fury, no great desire for vengeance against the OAS; these were for the most part the actions of gangsters and pillagers, in and out of uniform.

Early in July—the 5th—came the massacre of Oran. The FLN moved through the city and killed Europeans as if they were on a rabbit shoot. Houses were invaded and looted; women violated. There are no exact figures on the number of victims, but the estimates range from 500 to 1,000. (This absence of information is one of the signs of the new Algeria. In its desire for secrecy and its inability to report accurately, each district surrounds its own activities in silence.)

In the countryside, murders were committed for the theft of a car, of a farm, of a woman. People were killed for the pleasure of it; or to burn up powder; the undisciplined and inexperienced soldiers of the ALN went berserk, blood-crazy.

At Marengo, 50 miles from Algiers, two women were packing their belongings late in July. A French army unit arrived to help them. Suddenly an ALN detachment hove into sight and opened fire. There had been no provocation. Five French soldiers were killed. The ALN went on to attack a neighboring bank and loot it. Theft was not the motive; the bank notes were simply torn up and trampled.

Critical Half-Year

There were a thousand and one incidents of this sort. Close to four thousand people vanished, seized at home or on the road. Among the missing are 187 young French draftees.

It was the same story with property. In June 1962, 330,000 persons left Algeria. In the following two months, another 100,000 joined them in exile. Among them were many who did not intend to return; but some were leaving on vacation. Whatever the motive, no sooner had they left than their shops, businesses, factories and homes were taken over. There have been cases in Algiers where an apartment dweller who went out on an errand found himself dispossessed upon his return.

And no court of appeal. Most police precincts refused to take official note of the complaints, or if they did consent to make notes about it, nothing was done. In one case last May, five complaints of this sort did come to court and the tribunal ruled that the premises had been illegally occupied. This did not mean, however, that the legitimate owners got their property; only that the squatters were ousted.

Many argue that this somber picture covers only the first six months between the signing of the accords and Ben Bella's accession to power. But these six months are of paramount importance because it was that critical half-year that put Algeria on the road it must follow for a long time to come. That chaotic spring and summer resulted in a) the almost total disappearance of the European community, which represented the basic strength of the country, and in b) the birth of a type of ruthless national socialism best illustrated by the arbitrary take-over of farms and farmlands by the so-called *comités de gestion* (management-worker groups). The economy went into a dramatic nosedive. Two million people, out of a population of ten million, were unemployed.

Indeed, Algeria would be lost if France were not helping her financially. Tax receipts were practically nil in 1962: the OAS had forbidden people to pay taxes and burned a number of tax offices. This year, the tax take will not be much higher. According to the Minister of Finance, only 40 per cent of the estimated taxes have been collected. Commerce is mired down.

Socialistic measures have braked the influx of foreign capital necessary to develop the country. An "investment law" has just been voted, which will assure foreign capitalists that they will be able to export 50 per cent of their profits from Algeria. But will this law survive for long? Could not a new phase of revolution abolish this concession to capitalism?

The Cuba of Africa?

In this climate, French financial aid to Algeria is indispensable. It comes in various forms: Treasury advances and gifts; payment by France of the salaries of the French civil servants who work for Algeria under a technical assistance program (as teachers, engineers, accountants, etc.). In this one respect the Evian agreement has been honored.

The Treaty has also been carried out in two other areas: in the continued French exploitation of the gas and oil fields in the Sahara and the continued testing of nuclear weapons by France, also in the Sahara.

To sum up. All that was agreed upon at Evian which would give the Treaty an appearance of humanity

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and of reasonableness, all those clauses which would assure the cohabitation of French and Moslem in a peaceful Algeria, all these clauses have been shunted aside. The solemn promises made by French politicians to the Europeans of Algeria and to those Moslems who had enlisted in the fight against the FLN (150,000 *harkis* plus local defense forces) have not been kept. We can only assume that the Fifth Republic does not consider the thefts, butcheries, rapes and lootings of the past months as sufficient reason to intervene in Algeria, or even to break with Ben Bella.

But where major economic interests are concerned (oil and gas) and where essential military interests are concerned (nuclear tests) the Government of France has suffered no setback thus far.

There is talk of nationalizing oil. This may come under one guise or another, but so far it has not been done. As for the nuclear tests, it is remarkable that Ben Bella, who takes a stand on every point of contention throughout the world, has been very discreet in this area. It is true that French aid is indispensable to him. But this is a blackmail situation and it is anyone's guess how long it can endure.

For the sake of French economic aid, Ben Bella has not interfered with French activities in the Sahara. That simple statement sums up all that remains of the Treaty of Evian.

The Lady Is for Burning: The Seven Deadly Sins of Madame Nhu

Warning! Press at Work! What we're seeing today, says the author, is a repetition of Chungking and Havana, a journalistic buildup to cover the loss of Vietnam

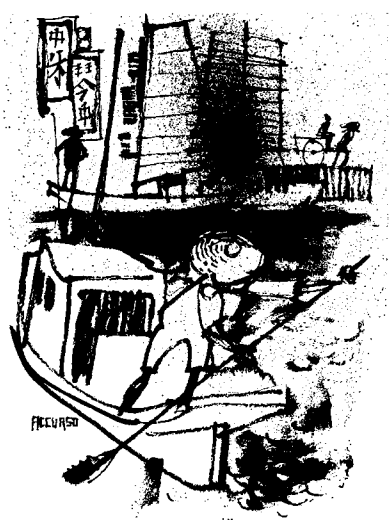
CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

Madame Ngo Dinh Nhu, the First Lady of Vietnam, who recently left our shores, is beautiful, dynamic, courageous, intelligent. And even her worst enemies do not doubt her piety or virtue. A militant Catholic, mother of four, she is a devoted and fiercely loyal (if not subservient) wife. But what makes Mme. Nhu important is the great political power she wields in her country. For a moment, however brief, in history, some part of America's prestige if not security, seems to lie in the pale pink palm of her exquisite little hand.

South Vietnam, although an underpopulated country (14 million), is the latest spot in America's seventeen-year-old struggle to contain Communism. The United States is spending better than a million dollars a day there to help the Vietnamese fight a guerrilla war. If this war is lost Asiatic Communism, in the end, must gain all of Indochina.

The purpose of Mme. Nhu's visit to the United States was to convince her American hearers that her country is winning that war, but will probably lose it if she and her family are undermined and thrown to the left-wing wolves. What seems to be happening to the government in Vietnam is remarkably like what happened to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and Madame Chiang in China when the Department of State pulled the rug out from under them, and Mao Tse-tung took over China.

Mme. Nhu's tour drew large crowds. But it proved somewhat less than triumphal. She was booed and hissed in her passings. And her TV interlocutors and lecture audiences (already prejudiced against her by U.S. press dispatches from far off Saigon) threw the heaviest barrage of loaded, discourteous, even insulting questions at her that have ever been addressed to a distinguished foreign figure—and an ally. By comparison, Khrushchev on his American visits had been treated like a public hero.



What is the case against this fragile little creature who has been so scornfully dubbed "the Dragon Lady"? Why was she treated as though she were a vicious enemy of our country? Why did President Kennedy slam the White House door in her pretty face, while he ordered the brass handles polished to the nines for Communist Tito's visit? Why has he ordered that shipments of surplus milk to the children of her country—our allies—be curtailed while he presses hard for shipments of wheat to Khrushchev, who still threatens to bury us?

What are the sins of Madame Nhu? Upon examination, they seem to be seven:

1) Mme. Nhu and her family represent, according to their American critics in Saigon, a principle which is utterly abhorrent to all true lovers of democracy: the principle of "family rule," or nepotism.

Mme. Nhu's only official positions are those of deputy in the National Assembly and chief of South Vietnam's women's movements. But her husband, Ngo Dinh Nhu, controls Intelligence and the Secret Police, and is personal adviser and political theo-

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retician to his brother, President Ngo Dinh Diem. Her other brother-in-law is Ngo Dinh Thuc, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Hué.

To be sure, President Kennedy appointed his brother Robert, Attorney General (even though Bobby had never tried a case). And this powerful post put Bobby in control of our Secret Police—the FBI. Mr. Kennedy also engineered the election of his 31-year-old brother, Teddy, to the Senate. He made his brother-in-law, Sargent Shriver, Director of the multi - million - dollar Peace Corps program (and perhaps hopes to make him governor of Illinois). Another brother-in-law, Stephen Smith, has handled White House patronage and other sensitive affairs of the Party—in the interests of the Kennedys. The President has, of course, found ornamental government missions for his sisters and other relatives.

Still, in America, that's democracy. But not in Vietnam. Not, anyway, on *our* money!

2) American newspapermen in Saigon view Mme. Nhu as a political demagogue who controls all the election machinery in her own district. They say she stole her last election as deputy by promising "to do more" for her constituents than any other candidate, because she was related to the President. The proof that her election was undemocratic, they claim, is that she got over 90 per cent of the vote—and delivered on her promise: her constituents do get more than other Vietnamese voters and taxpayers.

Nepotism East & West

Now, to be sure, a thing like that can happen here—it happened just a year ago, right in Massachusetts. And now Senator Ted Kennedy is delivering a $50-million electronic research center to his constituents who are also hopeful on the score of profitable railroad and airline mergers.

Still, in America, that's democracy. But not in Vietnam. Not, anyway, on *our* money!

3) Mme. Nhu's American critics feel she is a religious bigot. She not only insists on practicing what her Christian church teaches, but she tries to have the law of her country reflect Christian morals on sex. She has put through laws against concubinage, prostitution and adultery. She has made divorce unattainable, except by government permission. Her country is greatly underpopulated and is suffering thousands of war casualties: she has banned contraceptives. She has, the press reports, some mad idea that she can preserve the ancient, chaste, Vietnamese patterns of courtship. She has fought against the entrance of Hollywood films of sex and violence, and foreign pornographic literature. And—could you ask for better proof of her bigotry?—she frowns on the Twist and Bikinis.

It is even rumored among Americans in the "Twist-easies" which have sprung up in Saigon on protest against this Asiatic bluestocking that she disapproves of Liz Taylor films, on the totally undemocratic grounds that young Vietnamese girls have not yet learned to envy and admire our American goddess' habit of breaking up homes and living publicly with others' husbands.

Now, Vietnam may be Mme. Nhu's country, but democracy has just got to make room for things like that. That's what the American taxpayer is shelling out a million dollars a day to defend in Vietnam. (Or is it?)

4) The U.S. press corps in Saigon seem to agree to a man that Mme. Nhu has too much political power for a woman—especially one with no official position. *Time* says she not only has her husband's ear, but she openly orders around cabinet ministers and generals, sees to it that her favorites get jobs in government, and at all times around the clock, she is up to her neck in political wangling.

Being a mere five feet tall in her three-inch heels, she has still not had an eyeball to eyeball confrontation with Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge. But that gallant gentleman has drawn himself up to his full six feet three and is waiting for her return to slug it out with her.

To be sure, we have had our Eleanor Roosevelt, a President's wife who for 25 years exerted more influence over the domestic and foreign politics of her country than any woman who wasn't a crowned ruler. Indeed, she was once known to have ordered up a whole squad of planes during the war to pay a visit to some favorite soldier-friends in the Pacific. And, like Mme. Nhu, she also helped to select candidates for office who reflected her views. Again like Mme. Nhu, she often took a beating from pressmen who thought she meddled and was too ubiquitous.

But in America . . .

But in America, that's democracy. The American press wants no such power in a woman's hands in Vietnam. Not, anyway, on *our* money.

Moreover, Mme. Nhu is an inveterate do-gooder, and a feminist. She has tried to raise the legal status of women in her country, and interest them in taking an active part in politics and in the defense of their country. For example, Mme. Nhu has taught Vietnamese women to shoot—the condition, that they must stand by unarmed when a village is attacked by Communist guerrillas, but ready to pick up the gun of a fallen, or absconding, Vietnamese man.

Mme. Nhu, it seems, offends both Western and Asiatic male sensibilities, not only because she herself is not the geisha type, the concubine type or the clinging vine type, but because she seems to want the seven million women of her new-born, embattled nation to behave like the kind of women who went out of style a hundred or more years ago—the pioneer women of America. It seems she has heard about our foremothers who helped their men conquer the oceans and the continent, and who were as quick on the draw as their menfolk when scalping parties suddenly put in an appearance. She seems to have heard somewhere of Molly Pitcher, Annie Oakley, and Joan of Arc . . . (Boy, is *this* lady for burning!)

To be sure, in America, we have ourselves in recent months turned a thought or two to the question of giving a break to American women.

The Commission headed by the late Mrs. Roosevelt on The Status of Women, has just turned in its report to the President. It shows that while 24 million American women work for wages, they are not paid equal wages for equal work. It shows that there are only 234 women among the states'

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7,700 legislators; eleven congresswomen out of 435, and two women senators out of a hundred. Only two women have held cabinet rank in all American history. In releasing the report, President Kennedy urged that more women participate at all levels in public life. In America, we want progress for our women. But not for women of Vietnam. Not, anyway, on *our* money.

5) The "family rule" of the Ngo Dinhs, according to their American critics, does not have the full support of the people of South Vietnam. Although there is no Gallup Poll in Vietnam, it seems that there is a newspaper in Saigon which lays on to Madame Nhu, her husband, and President Diem quite unmercifully. This paper says the Nhus must go, and hints quite broadly that a *coup d'état* or a revolution would be the most democratic way of getting rid of the lot. Why wait for elections?

This highly democratic view seems to be shared by some of the U.S. pressmen who pop in and out of Saigon en route to Hong Kong. And it is also shared by some "coup-minded" officials of the U.S. Embassy.

The Electorate and the Press

While this anti-government press is not suppressed, Mme. Nhu makes it plain that she doesn't like the situation. As for the Embassy, she feels that it is pretty stupid of the United States to try to throw out an anti-Communist government when all they can substitute is a military (and unreliable) dictatorship.

Mme. Nhu's American critics say all this shows that she is, at heart, a tyrant and that any foreign government without the full support of all the people and the press should be kicked out.

Now, the American electorate is far from 100 per cent for President Kennedy. Indeed, he got just a fraction less than 50 per cent of the vote in 1960 . . . and there were even rumors he didn't get that. Nor is the press entirely for him. In fact, a lot of it is against him—and even more against his family—and quite a lot of Americans happen to agree with Madame Nhu, who thinks he is lulling the U.S.A. into a false sense of security about the Communists.

However, this is America and we don't talk about "coups" and overthrowing elected governments. We believe in a democracy. You should wait for elections. But in Vietnam it's different. Why not help overthrow the Diem government in order to get rid of Madame Nhu. Isn't it *our* money?

Two additional charges (6 and 7) remain against Mme. Nhu. They are indeed serious: First, that she has pressured the Diem government into persecuting the Buddhist religion; second, that her stubborn refusal to come to terms with the Buddhists has "hopelessly" compromised the Vietnamese war effort.

How well-founded are these charges? And if well-founded, what will happen in Vietnam if the Nhus and President Diem are booted out? For there can be little doubt that the big boot will have to be used, since Mme. Nhu, among other things, is a fighting lady.

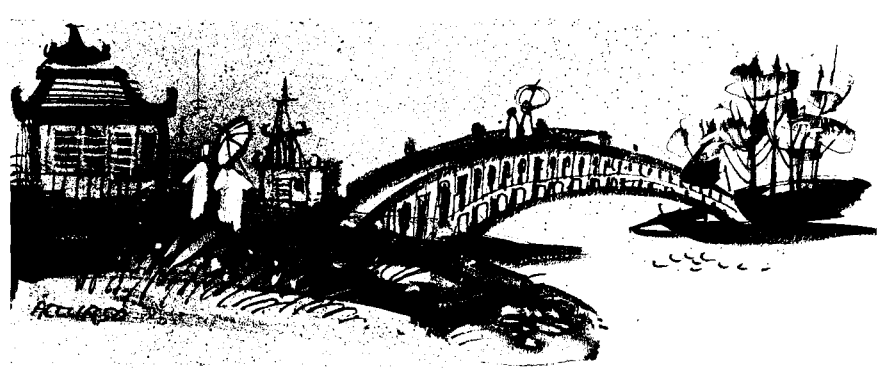
Not long ago Mme. Nhu said that Americans are "Ivanhoes" who are perpetually in love with the underdog, but confused about who the underdog really is. She thinks the underdogs that the U.S. press corps in Vietnam and the State Department are sobbing over are the Vietcong Communist provocateurs who have inflamed some Buddhist opinion. Mme. Nhu believes she herself is the real underdog in the situation. Certainly the china doll-sized stateswoman from South Vietnam has been taking enough punishment from the American press to smash her into a tiny heap of porcelain scraps. Fortunately for her, and possibly for her country, Mme. Nhu is not a china doll. Backhanded by the State Department, bullied and scratched at by reporters, lectured at by her own lecture audiences, Mme. Nhu travels along singing her song. Chin up, eyes flashing, long delicate hands gesticulating gracefully and forcefully, she is still pretty solid on her three-inch heels.

The charge that Mme. Nhu, her husband, her brothers-in-law President Ngo Dinh Diem and Archbishop Ngo Dinh Thuc, have "persecuted" South Vietnamese Buddhists is certainly the toughest charge she has had to meet. But meet it she did. And meet it she must, for her fellow-Catholic President Kennedy does not intend to face into the 1964 election campaign defending himself against accusations from the Liberal left that he has supported a government just because it is Catholic. He can better afford to lose Vietnam than to have that calumny tied to him.

The Charge of 'Persecution'

The fact is that the charge of religious persecution against the family is pretty recent. And if indeed they are "persecuting Buddhists" this will mark the first time in democratic history that a small religious minority has successfully "persecuted" an overwhelming religious majority in a democracy.

South Vietnam Catholics number 1.5 million of the 14 million population. There are approximately 5.25 million Buddhists and the remainder of the population is made up of Taoists, Confucianists and members of other sects. Less than one-third of the cabinet members are Catholics; only three of the nineteen generals. But Catholics are about half of the civil service and the Assembly. The reason for this, given and accepted until a few months ago by all foreign observers in Vietnam, is that the Catholics under the French built an extensive parochial school system. Over the years this system has turned out relatively well-educated graduates with a lively interest in Western democratic government. The Bud-



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dhists have not been able to compete with these educated Catholic Vietnamese in civil service examinations. Until last May, there was no evidence of great discontent with the Diem government by the Buddhist population. On the contrary, thanks to the annual 350 million dollars' economic and military aid, and with the help of 14,000 U.S. military "advisers," victory, last spring, seemed near for the Diem government, and the people seemed to know it.

Then, in the space of five months, the flaming deaths of six Buddhist bonzes, or priests, led to a series of public demonstrations which brought about the present political crisis in which Mme. Nhu herself is also being badly burned.

Forced to 'Lose Face'

How did these deaths come about? Were the Buddhist priests dragged by force from their homes or temples by Catholics and put to the torch—as in the not so distant past in America, Negroes were torn from their homes, or jails, and lynched or burned —by white Americans? Were the bonzes butchered as were thousands of Mao Tse-tung's recalcitrant Chinese farmers? Were they tortured, beaten, brainwashed, shot, liquidated as millions of Russians, Poles, Hungarians were by Stalin and Khrushchev?

They were not. The saffron-robed monks were living unmolested by anyone in their own pagodas, when one by one they stole forth into public squares, where they squatted in lotus pose, poured gasoline over themselves, applied the match, and committed suicide.

In America, if a Catholic priest were to burn himself to death in protest of the government's failure to provide free bus rides for parochial school children, or if a Protestant minister were to make of himself a living torch to express his opposition to the Supreme Court decision against prayer in public schools, we would consider them religious maniacs. And our government would take stringent measures to prevent any repetition of such acts. This is precisely the view Mme. Nhu has taken of the self-immolating bonzes. They are slaves, she said, "if not to others, at least to their own folly." And the government of President Diem has used the police force to prevent further emulations of such follies. What, then, was the particular grievance which led these Buddhists to encompass their own cremation?

Last May, the Buddhists of Hué were forbidden to unfurl their flags, in honor of Buddha's 2507th birthday, above the flag of Vietnam. As in America, no flag in Vietnam may fly above the national flag. (In this land of many religions, separation of Church and State is, of necessity, the law of the nation.) Refusal by Diem's government to permit the Buddhists to fly their flag above the national flag caused the leaders of the Hué pagoda to "lose face."

In America, self-immolation is not thought to be a useful or particularly democratic way to protest grievances or discrimination. However, an insult which might barely cause one American to punch another, could, say, in Japan, lead to hara-kiri. A Japanese who "loses face" disembowels himself with a ritual sword, often aided by a friend or a relative. In India, for hundreds of years, widows threw themselves onto the funeral pyres of their husbands: if they did not, they "lost face." Although "suttee" has been outlawed for a century in India, in backward villages it is still occasionally practiced.

Nirvana Attained

The Buddhist monks in Vietnam who incinerated themselves not only regained "face" for the temple, but Nirvana or Paradise and sainthood for themselves. For at least three of the monks who were over age 70, this must have seemed a rather good deal.

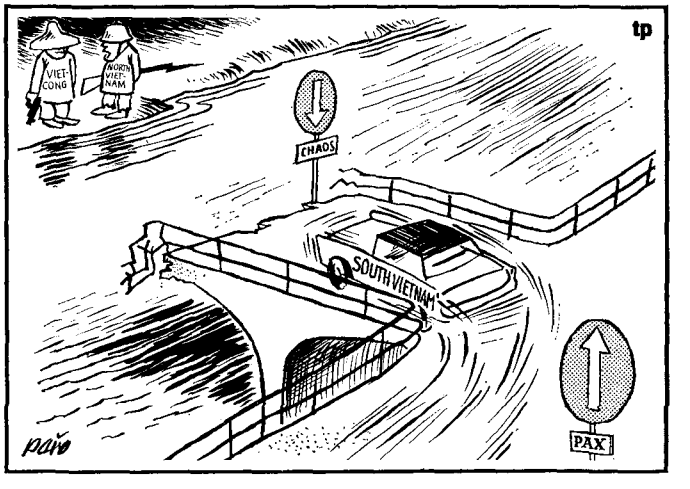
(Probably no American can understand the Asiatic concept of "face." This is perhaps fortunate. In view of how much "face" the U.S. has lost in the Orient, we would have to burn Washington to recover it.)

In our country, protestors sign petitions, picket, hire halls or rabble-rouse. Recently our Negroes (a minority) have taken to sit-ins, sit-downs, mass demonstrations, handcuffing themselves together, until the police break them up.

While we are on the subject of discrimination, it may help us to think a little more charitably about President Diem's and Mme. Nhu's alleged "persecution" of the Buddhists, if we remember that despite four years of mass Negro demonstrations in America, the President still has not found it convenient to appoint a Negro to his Cabinet, to help elect a Negro senator, or governor, or even a big city mayor. And yet Negroes represent 20 per cent of our population, and time and again their vote decides Presidential elections.

In America, it depends on what you can get away with. But not so in Vietnam. Not, anyway, on *our* money. In Vietnam you have to be perfect.

Consequent to the Buddhist sacrifices, there have been, since May, a half-dozen demonstrations of Buddhists in the streets. In the attempt to keep order, the Vietnam police have encountered the same difficulties our police have encountered with unruly crowds of demonstrators in Alabama, Chicago, New York's Harlem, New



"Easy. They let us put UNO who in the driver's seat."

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Jersey. And in Vietnam as in America, some people got hurt. A bomb thrown by an unknown provocateur killed several people in Vietnam. U.S. Embassy officers expressed themselves as being "shocked and disgusted" at this occurrence and at the police suppression of the Buddhist demonstrators.

The State Department no doubt failed to inform our Embassy in Saigon that similar episodes were happening in Alabama, where four children were killed in a church bombing, and in the wake, two boys were killed by police. Nor did they send out over the Voice of America to Vietnam a very clear account of riots and police methods used to quell Negro-white rioters in other parts of the country.

And speaking of corruption in Vietnam, what about the Cosa Nostra operation in America? Ah, well, in America, democracy isn't perfect. *But in Vietnam it had better be—on our money!*

The last charge against Mme. Nhu and the Diem government is that their failure to be democratic—according to the concept of an ideal democracy which their American critics carry about in their heads—will now make it impossible to win the war against the Vietcong Communists.

Is this true, or is it false? Vietnam has been at war for almost a decade. The South Vietnam population is suffering 5,000 casualties a year. Women and men, many of them Buddhists, have gone forth day after day, year after year, to meet and repulse their Communist enemies. A few months ago victory was in sight. If the United States gives firm support to Diem now, the crisis will pass and the war may still be won. If the United States support is withdrawn on the grounds that the U.S. can no longer support the Diem government because six men—or sixteen—insist on making human torches of themselves, then South Vietnam will fall and the political vacuum left by the Ngo Dinh family will soon be filled by the "Yu-No-Hu" family: the Chinese Communists.

Is the history of the Liberal press in Chungking and Havana going to repeat itself? The evidence is that it is.

The *Christian Science Monitor* wrote last week: "The confusion [in American public opinion] stems from the fact that the United States does not wish to say, in so many words, that it is working for a revolution in South Vietnam. But so long as the Ngo Dinh family remains unbending, that is the fact."

If indeed, that is the fact, the Administration will no doubt begin to boast along about 1965 that it has "relieved tensions" in Vietnam by negotiating peace with Ho Chi-minh, the Communist leader of that country. And no doubt wheat and arms will then soon be sent to him, to strengthen "the Vietnamese Tito" against Red China.

Poor Madame Nhu! The lady is sure for burning.

Songs for an A.D.A. Convention

W. H. VON DREELE

I've Been Working on the Railroad

We are all for recognition
  Of the Red Chinese.
We would march for this position
  In our B.V.D.s.
Can't you understand our logic?
  (They're a billion strong!)
Numbers make us pathologic;
  Let's all play mah-jongg.

(chorus)
Chiang Kai-shek must go
'cause the status quo
  Definitely upsets Mao so;
Pianissimo
Isn't apropos;
  Chiang Kai-shek has gotta go!

H-A-R-R-I-G-A-N

K-E-double-N-E,
  With D-Y spells "Kennedy."
He doesn't make a move without us;
We're so assured, he doesn't doubt us.
K-E-double-N . . . (He
  Loves a Ph.D.!)
We're the guys who are wise in the
  ways of persuading him.
Kennedy! Tee hee.

Sweet Adeline

Let's coexist
A Communist
  Becomes dismayed
When he is hissed.
In all our dreams
It always seems
  It's our mission to persuade . . .
Let's coexist!

Nobody's Sweetheart Now

We're nobody's sweetheart now;
The masses just won't kow-tow.
  Edmund Burke's
  Dopey works
Has the idiots exclaiming: "Wow!"
We've tried every trick we know;
(We've tried resurrecting Joe)
  Nothing works!
  All the jerks
Constantly moon for Barry-o.
It all seems wrong somehow
That they're Goldwater's
  sweethearts, now.

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Pragmatism on the Potomac?

STEPHEN J. TONSOR

Half a dozen revolutionary generations run like gigantic fault lines across the face of the historical landscape. Their scarp-lines are a borderland of earthquake and volcano separated from the continuities of the past, and the paths to the present cut like high passes through their stony and disordered palisades. Such a revolutionary generation, perhaps the greatest in the world's history, was that which flared out in the grand convulsions of World War II.

That a gulf divides the post-war from the pre-war generation is obvious. That it is much wider and deeper than the distances ordinarily separating the generations is equally obvious. Revolutionaries are, at bottom, moralists; and the moral activists who liquidated the middle-class world which they thought of as decadent, hypocritical and unbelieving, have little in common with the post-World War II generation which is non-ideological, non-believing and engrossed in all the middle-class attitudes and values which their fathers rejected.

In a distinguished book, *Die jungen Herren der alten Erde: Vom neuen Stil der Macht* [*The Young Masters of the Old Earth: The New Style in Power*], William S. Schlamm has provided a brilliant and compelling description of both the old and the new generations and, so it seems to me, a less satisfactory analysis of the source of the attitudes which characterize the generation of the Kennedys. Schlamm's great sociological insight and his intimate knowledge of the intellectual and political movements of the past half century make this book a remarkable document. It is written in the direct but evocative and almost sloganesque style of great journalism and is only a short remove at times from poetry. Moreover, Schlamm writes as a participant. He is today and has been for four decades *engagé*. The intellectual movements in Western society from the *fin de siècle* onwards are described with an insight and a poignancy which can result only from the direct experiences of a brilliant, sensitive and committed mind. It is commentary on the condition of publishing in the English-speaking world that so interesting a volume after more than a year is still unavailable in English.

Die jungen Herren der alten Erde: Vom neuen Stil der Macht, by William S. Schlamm. Stuttgart: Seewald Verlag, D.M. 17.80

Schlamm's thesis is not a complicated one. He contends that the present generation of leadership in the West, and particularly President Kennedy and the men who surround him, has broken completely with the philosophical, religious and political traditions of the West. Their sole interest is in power; their style is political manipulation; their philosophy, a sophisticated pragmatism. The ideological potencies and preoccupations of the twenties and thirties have been abandoned by the new generation, which is non-ideological, obsessed with technique, "cool," and indifferent to all things other than survival and success. This remarkable deflation in ideology stems from the loss of faith and the decline of values in the West.

Schlamm adds that the previous generation, although cut loose from its metaphysical roots, lived on the inherited capital of middle-class certainties and middle-class values. The consequences of its revolutionary orientation were masked by the survival of bourgeois culture. The present generation of leaders, however, has lost these last stabilizing influences and, shorn of all meaning, life has become completely provisional and the world verges on chaos. The villain in this development has been an *avant garde* dedicated to pragmatism, nihilism and experimentation. The cure, Schlamm argues, is the displacement of this dominant *avant garde* by a press, academy and intellectual leadership dedicated to conventional values and traditional certainties.

The consequences of ideological pragmatism are most manifest, Schlamm asserts, in the cynicism, the government by manipulation, the preoccupation with survival rather than values, and the repeated failure of the United States to face up to the Soviet ideological and military challenge that has characterized the Kennedy Administration. The thesis, in short, is that bad ideas make bad politics and that if the West is to save itself it will do so only by a massive ideological reorientation.

Obviously President Kennedy is no philosopher-king and Arthur Schlesinger Jr., whatever his accomplishments as a philosophical ad-man, is no Aristotle. But does it follow that the bad politics of the Kennedy Administration are the fruit of the tree of pragmatism? A recent advertisement for the "Great Books," featuring a benign portrait of Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and a message which must have been ghosted by a retired mortician, is my authority for insisting that the Kennedy Administration is strengthened by "Understanding the ideas created and nourished by great minds through all our centuries . . ." (These are the purported words of Arthur Schlesinger Jr. in an advertisement which is as cheap and tawdry as the President's own cynical use of words). But evidence of President Kennedy's deep commitment to philosophies and ideas,

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less circumstantial than this single advertisement, is found on every hand. The truth is that President Kennedy and the men who surround him are not pragmatists; they are without exception ideologists. Their ideology is a thinly disguised national socialism which is willing to sacrifice legitimate and necessary American foreign policy objectives in order to achieve domestic social revolution. Indeed, any thoroughgoing pragmatist would be horrified at the President's inability to be educated by his failures.

Time after time the present Administration has been careful to point out to the American public that it seeks to be a second and more glorious "New Deal" and that President Kennedy is a younger and more vigorous Franklin Roosevelt. The Administration is not one of nihilistic innovation, it is one of slavish imitation, and its roots, far from being pragmatic, are frighteningly ideological.

In the opening lines of *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte* Karl Marx wrote: "Hegel says somewhere that, upon the stage of universal history, all great events and personalities reappear in one fashion or another. He forgot to add that, on the first occasion, they appear as tragedy; on the second as farce." The truth about the ideological ancestry of the Kennedy Administration is not that it is pragmatic, young and nihilistic. The truth is that it is socialist, shabbily imitative, and farcical.

Historians should never mistake a condition for a cause. It does not follow because the Kennedy Administration is characterized by a thoroughgoing cynicism, because it advertises itself as young, vigorous, and daringly experimental, that it is somehow the product of youth, the *avant garde*, and pragmatic philosophy. Leaders of entrenched ideologies from the time of the Renaissance Roman Curia to Khrushchevian Russia have been alike in their contempt for principle and conviction. The tired ideologists of the Kennedy Administration are no exception.

Fiction

Eros Aped

GUY DAVENPORT

THAT EROS is a rascal of many guises and incredible mischief no one will dispute, but the scholar robust enough to catalogue anything like an exhaustive account of his banditry and carnage has yet to roll up his sleeves and fall to. Since Zola and Freud, the investigation has attracted to the dedicated corps of poets and ironists every discipline of thought, until the nets are finer meshed, the expeditions farther flung, the reports more than our illusions can withstand. Outlaw the bastard!. We have dosed him with hygiene, togged him out in Victorian frills, tamed him with sophistication. No sooner is he in a sack, bound and gagged, than you may perceive him at your elbow, to speak politely, plucky as ever. These three novels question the delinquency of Eros and posit instead his good will and our betrayal of it. Mr. Madison Jones comes to his subject with sincerity and anguish; Mr. John Fowles moves us closer to a nightmare of love's peculiar shapes; and Mr. John Rechy displays a hell of lust so awful that innocence and chastity have rarely been made so delectable or so attractive in the literature of our time.

A Buried Land, by Madison Jones. Viking, $4.95

The Collector, by John Fowles. Little, Brown, $4.95

City of Night, by John Rechy. Grove, $5.95

Mr. Jones is a writer who has yet to master, or even create, a style. His prose rubber-stamps clichés; his diction is so little under control that hillbillies see the sun flashing like a heliograph, voices are expressionless, and blond hair comes in heavy flaxen skeins. Yet this very awkwardness becomes a mark of the sincerity which it has to convey. *A Buried Land* is a novel without pretensions, almost without art. Mr. Jones has studied his Robert Penn Warren and his Faulkner to see how a novel is built but he has not copied them. He has studied their carpentry closely without pilfering a single nail or shingle.

His excellence is in his clear information about characters who have eluded many a scrutinist. Tennessee hill people routed from their land by TVA can easily be sentimentalized; sociologists and connoisseurs of the quaint have offered reports; Mr. Jones makes us see. He has no thesis to prove; his story is a tragedy that stages its terror and pity against the artificial flooding of the valleys. Slowly we see the demoralization of a people with only the subtlest implication that one can demonstrate the impact of their displacement on their characters. The two happen together, natural catastrophe and a derangement of love. A girl becomes pregnant, an abortionist kills her, her terrified lover buries her in an ancestral grave just evacuated and soon to be covered by the backwaters. This act generates a tragedy that drags down life after life, reverberates in other lives, and finally stands as a symbol of the confusion inherent in any smashing of an order of life.

John Fowles, an English novelist, has imagined in *The Collector* a derangement of love singularly pitiful and peculiarly English. The minds Mrs. Grundy warped are still slithering from under stones to be counted; the minds kept from love by Bloomsbury's "frankness as never before" are still pondering Eros' stubborn ignorance of Freud's *Gesammelte Werke*. Mr. Fowles puts Mrs. Grundy's monster in bed with one of Bloomsbury's emancipated: a mousy entomologist for whom sex is filthy and a Liberal bomb-banning lass from the Slade School for whom sex is terribly significant so long as it's art. The one chloroforms the other, *Lepidoptera nymphetta*, and keeps her in his cellar as carefully and as lovingly as he

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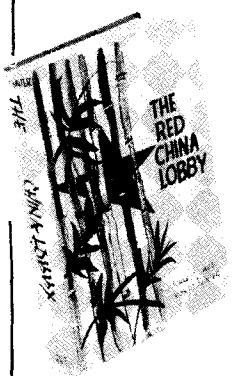

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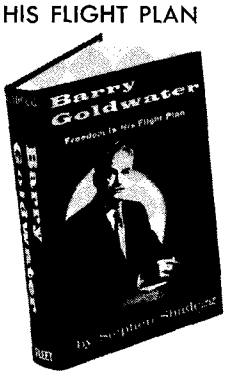

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would the rarest of specimens. What happens between the two is both symbolic and all too real, beautiful and sickening at once, tragic and tabloid. Collector and collected perceive the limits of their lives under the pressure of extreme anguish, and find them opaque. Though its contemporary implications are clear and disturbing, the terror of this encounter between the English mind at its most preciously sensitive and its most contrictively ingrown is as resonant as a myth.

Mr. Rechy begins in yet lower depths and manages subcellars of Hell hitherto unplumbed. His narrator cannot love at all, so that his sexual exploits, or, more accurately, his sexual exploitation by others, relentlessly sustained for 410 pages, are not so much the delinquency of Eros as a parody of love and an inversion of its every meaning to human life.

Random Notes

● MOVIES: Collectors may add "epic motion picture adventure drama" to their chrestomathy of the California demotic. The coinage is Warner Bros.' . . . Fred MacMurray's fiftieth movie is *Kisses for my President*, in which Polly Bergen portrays the Republic's first lady President, with Mr. MacMurray as consort. . . . More title trouble: *Winston Affair*, which was briefly *Winstone Affaire*, is now *Man in the Middle*. Jules Dassin's *Light of Day*, changed to *Man in the Middle*, has no title at all for the nonce. . . . *Hud* arrived on French screens as *Le Plus Sauvage d'entre Tous* and Mr. Paul Newman is addressed as Ted in the movie.

Philharmonic Hall at the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts was so horrified at the disciples of Beatnikismus ("barber-boycotting, unwashed," as *Variety* said in its best Homeric style) who turned up for the New York Film Festival that they plan to specify proper attire next go-round. Shucks.

● ENGLAND, ENGLAND!: At Maxwell's Bookshop in Oxford a customer can have, on application, a blue flag to hold, indicating to clerks that he does not wish to be approached.

● OOPS, TOVARICH: Richard F. Staar's *Poland 1944-1963, The Sovietization of a Captive People* inexplicably turned up on display at the Leipzig Fall Book Fair (an enterprise begun in the twelfth century). Comrade Hans Bentzien, the Culture Minister of East Germany, had just assured first-comers that he had "kept out those books which are not in accord with our political ideals" when the book drew an astonished but grinning crowd.

● THE GENTEEL LIFE IN TEXAS: At a raffle this month in Dallas the winner gets the Dallas Symphony Orchestra. It can be taken home to play as ordered, and the winner can conduct it or sing along or merely clink his spurs.

● BOOKS: Robert Craft's fourth Boswellizing of his mentor and hero Igor Stravinsky makes as good reading as the other three, and is the richest of the lot thus far. *Dialogues and a Diary* continues the conversations on technique and adds a diary of the Master's recent return to Russia (Doubleday, $4.95). . . . If you fancied Alan Moorehead's books about the discovery of the sources of the two Niles, there's now another river in his collection, Australian (his native land) this time. *Cooper's Creek* (to be published in February by Harper, $5.95) is about an expedition across "the ghastly blank," as the Australians call it, a century ago. . . . The Sierra Club of California, publisher of handsome books about the American wilderness and its conservation, offers two new titles: *The Last Redwoods* by Philip Hyde and François Leydet ($15 until the end of the year, $17.50 thereafter), and *Wild Cascades*, edited by Weldon Heald, about the Glacier Peak and Lake Chelan country (November, $7.50).

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This account by a male prostitute serving pederasts in New York, San Francisco, and New Orleans is written with such a fury of hatred of pederasty, a hatred never expressed and strangely unrealized within the novel, that its value as a moral tract just might redeem the brutal obscenity of its every page. It cannot however be recommended as pornography, for which the police and the purifiers of literature will undoubtedly mistake it; yet it cannot pass for a morally informed book either. It is a record of a real depravity put down without the least aptitude for writing, without any but the most inept grasp of the story's moral implications, and in complete insulation from a single impulse which might be identified as love. It is, nevertheless, a document literature cannot disclaim and a voice from such darkness that one despairs of understanding it, or of forgetting it.

The Price of Appeasement

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

I WELL REMEMBER seeing on television (we had television in England before the war, though the fact is often forgotten) Mr. Chamberlain return from Munich, waving the "bit of paper" which was to mean "peace in our time." Let us have no hypocrisy about it; almost everyone was immensely relieved. Chamberlain was cheered in Downing Street, and by both sides in the House of Commons. Ramsay MacDonald, Lloyd George and Clement Attlee, no less than the majority of Conservatives, had all taken part in the will-o'-the-wisp of appeasement. The few staunch anti-appeasers — Churchill, Duff Cooper, Vansittart—entered into their inheritance two years later: the history of the thirties is now seen almost entirely through their eyes.

The Appeasers, by Martin Gilbert and Richard Gott. Houghton, $6.50

The stream of books about those traumatic days continues unabated. This worrying of old wounds is a bad thing if it provokes smugness from the Left and a revival of anti-German feeling; both of which reactions would involve a gross oversimplification. But it is a very good thing if it serves to hammer home the essential lesson. *The Appeasers*, by two young scholars, one of whom was not even born at the time of Munich, lacks the immediacy of personal involvement but it does provide a complete, careful and well documented reconstruction of the whole sad story. Its bias is, of course, heavily anti-appeasement, but the leftish inclination which some readers may suspect (from a reference to the Spanish Civil War, for instance) is hardly allowed to show through. The authors speak disparagingly of the fear of Bolshevism, as leading to the view that "any arrangement was better than world war, in which both victor and vanquished would fall victims to world Communism," but, on the second page of their Foreword, they state one of the story's morals clearly enough: "Munich showed the Soviet Union that Western resolve could be broken."

Much that was said and done then strikes chilling echoes today. Neville

Chamberlain's outlook, said Lloyd George, did not rise above that of "a provincial manufacturer of iron bedsteads." He was surrounded by nonentities, most of them representatives, as an official in the German Embassy remarked, "of that typically British mentality which prefers a bad compromise to a straight solution." Vansittart put it more simply: "Right or Left, everybody was for a quiet life." Cliveden and All Souls were not centers of a sinister conspiracy: their influence was marginal: the conversation there merely epitomized the general opinions of what are still called "responsible people." These people were neither knaves nor cowards. They were simply ingenuous beyond belief.

They didn't like Hitler; Halifax once mistook him for a footman, and waited for him to open the door of the official car. They agreed that he was "wild, vicious, and unpredictable." But they argued that "his viciousness would modify, that his aims would eventually clarify, and that his wildness would end." If they read *Mein Kampf*, they didn't believe it, just as their spiritual successors refuse to believe what is plainly stated in Communist literature.

They never lacked warnings. Within two months of Hitler's accession to power, Sir Horace Rumbold, the British Ambassador in Berlin, told them exactly what the new regime was like and the dangerous course on which it was set. Sir Eric Phipps, who succeeded Rumbold, believed at first that Hitler could be reasoned with, but he soon changed his mind. Hitler subsequently told Lord Londonderry that he would like to see Phipps replaced by "a more modern diplomat" who could understand "the changes which had taken place in Germany."

The appeasers were determined to suppress anything which might annoy Hitler or rouse British opinion against the Nazis. "I do my best," said Geoffrey Dawson, the editor of the *Times*, "night after night, to keep out of the papers anything that might hurt their susceptibilities." After Munich, he refused to print photographs of refugees from the Sudetenland: he preferred pictures of German soldiers being welcomed by the populace. The freedom of certain other sections of the press irked the appeasers. They managed substantially to gag the BBC. Anglo-German relations, they insisted, were bedeviled by "misunderstanding."

To clear up such misunderstandings, numerous well-intentioned people made visits to Hitler and were hospitably received. Nazi aims were praised in England, reported the German Ambassador, "even by the clergy." The people are familiar, you see: the phrases are familiar: and one familiar name occurs in an interesting context—after the war had begun, Bertrand Russell wrote that

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he had "no doubt that the Soviet Government is even worse than Hitler's, and it will be a misfortune if it survives."

These apologists for the Nazis stressed the German fear of encirclement and the necessity to give Germany "a position of balance in Europe." When the balance tipped in Hitler's favour, they tried to pacify him with the offer of other people's colonies; but his territorial ambitions lay in Europe, not in Africa. They found "it was easier to make the weak man submit than to put pressure on the strong"; so they gave him Czechoslovakia. Just like their successors when Colonel Nasser stole the Suez Canal, they dithered and declined even to block German credits in British banks. They were hypnotized by the fear of aerial bombing; they thought the first attack would destroy them all. Hitler told them that he was "by nature an artist not a politician, and once the Polish question was settled he would end his life as an artist not a warmonger"; and they believed him, because they wanted to believe him. They were still talking about negotiations while "smoke rose from Warsaw."

Even the ultimate commitment to Poland was more or less accidental, the unforeseen result of an attempt to put pressure on the Poles. "Hitherto," Duff Cooper wrote, "we had been faced with the unpleasant alternatives of peace with dishonour or war. I now saw a third possibility, namely war with dishonour, by which I meant being kicked into war by the boot of public opinion when those for whom we were fighting had already been defeated." Which was exactly what happened. Reaction and revulsion from the appeasers set in. It brought Winston Churchill to Downing Street in 1940, and England found herself again. It also led to the policy of "unconditional surrender," which ensured that what the appeasers had most feared would in fact happen: the Bolsheviks were let into Europe.

The territorial disputes of the 1930s seem pathetically out of date now (though we may soon see something like them in Africa and Asia), but perhaps they were always an excuse rather than the essence of the problem. Ideologies can leap frontiers. Civilized diplomats and statesmen could no more deal with the Nazis than they can deal, on civilized assumptions, with the Communists. They were faced with what Burke called "an armed doctrine." In those circumstances, the Liberal cliché is simply not true: it doesn't take two to make a war. All that a wise man can do is look to his moat.

The appeasers did not even do that; they did not use the time they gained. Their policy could never have been honorable: it might have been sensible: in the event it proved to have been neither. Alas, many of those who now see this truth clearly enough with regard to the 1930s shrink from applying it to more recent situations. Hilaire Belloc wrote prophetically in 1940 that Poland would be the test. If the Allies succeeded in making Poland free, not only from the Germans but from the Communists as well, they would have won the war. If not, they would have failed. They did fail. The Poles, and all of us in the Western world, are still paying the price of appeasement.

A Poet is a Poet is a What

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

FIRST THERE WAS THE THAW and then the freeze. Yevgeny Yevtushenko represents the slush. In *A Precocious Autobiography* he tells us repeatedly that he is a poet—but we have only his word for it. In translation, his verses read like P.S. 84 Carl Sandburg. He refers to his early status as that of "a newspaper poet"—and he

is still that. Only the newspaper has changed. In a free Russia, he would have gone unnoticed.

It is not as a poet that Yevgeny Yevtushenko makes his bid for fame in both the Communist and the free world. Adding no new dimensions to Russian verse, he must be read for his political message—and this, interestingly, is no less understood on the windward side of the Iron Curtain than it is to the lee. Because his voice booms like the big bass drum, because his coffee-house manner is unusual in the Soviet Union, the West has seen in him the symbol of a new Russian revolt. It is difficult to understand why the ineffable Nikita has taken even the smallest umbrage.

For Yevtushenko is the apotheosis of the Khrushchevian man. The man of the Stalin era was, but did not seem; the Khrushchevian product seems, but never is. Valerly Tarsis took the hide of Sovietism and nailed it to the pages of his proscribed book,

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A Precocious Autobiography, by Yevgeny Yevtushenko. Dutton, $3.50

The Bluebottle, decrying the extinction of soul and society under the Communists. Ilf & Petrov and the Mikhail Zoshchenko of *The Nervous People* by indirection satirized, but their ostensible targets were the bourgeois leftovers of the New Economic Policy, the non-people who could not adjust to the drab misery of Lenin's grave new world.

Yevtushenko is a Byronic Trotsky, a romantic Radek, still in love with Communism and hugging to his bosom the aspish belief that all would have been well but for the Stalinist betrayal. Still bemused by Leninist ideology, he cannot quite face the realities of the Soviet experience. Stalin preached that the Bolshevik was a man of a special mold. Yevtushenko believes that the Bolshevik is the only true poet—and vice versa—and that he represents truth, courage, and the success of a poetic Five Year Plan. He suspends the power of logic when he recalls that his grandfather was liquidated in Stalin's purges—but insists that he never knew of Stalin's crimes. He is for "the people" but he fails to come to grips with the system which corrupted them. He abominates Stalin for his anti-Semitism, but never projects this repugnance to Nikita Khrushchev who more smilingly murders rabbis.

In short, Yevtushenko is a product

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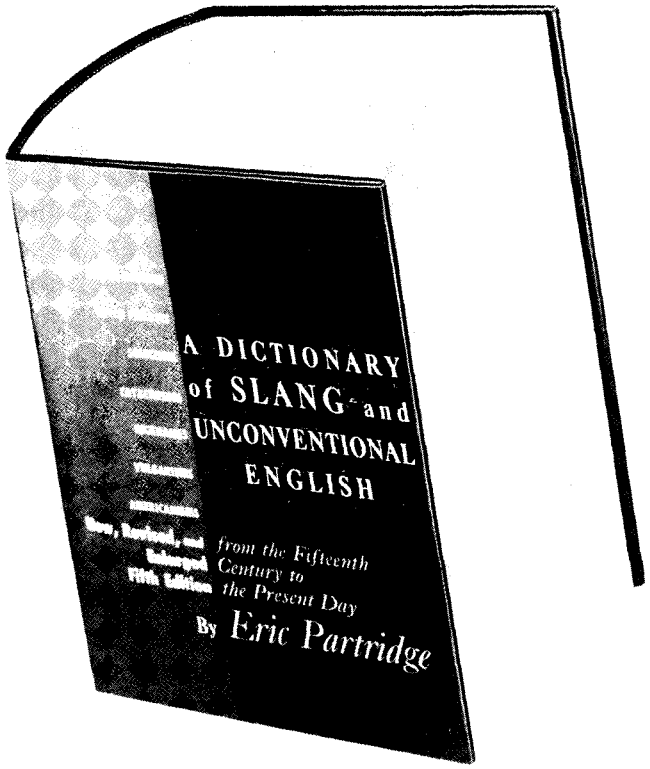

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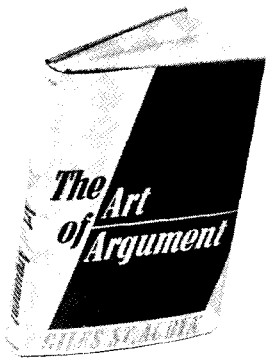

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of the Soviet bureaucracy. There are young men in Russia — and I have spoken to them — who reject both the past and present. Yevtushenko is still temporizing — precociously, he will plead. "That many people connected with the arts sang Stalin's praises was often not vice but tragedy," he writes, not realizing that in another context this might be the "tragedy" of an Eichmann. "Stalin was a strong and vivid personality. When he wanted to, Stalin knew how to charm people."

And: "There can be no doubt of Stalin's love for Lenin"—words put down coldly on paper by a Yevtushenko who describes himself "as a man to whom Lenin's teaching is dearer than anything in the world." And: "Those who speak in the name of Communism but in reality pervert its meaning are among its most dangerous enemies, perhaps even more dangerous than its enemies in the West." Such as?

Yet Yevgeny Yevtushenko, something less and more than a dedicated Communist, cannot be brushed aside as a Khrushchevian plant in the world of letters or a deliberate confuser of the West. Perhaps he is an instrument of history. For in spite of his Khrushchevian allegiances, he cleaves to the anti-Leninist view of the poet as a leader in the "struggle for purification." What must be purified remains murky, and in this Yevtushenko reflects the spirit of Russia's confused youth as it seeks in idealism a relief from the daily dozen of drab materialism.

Yet Yevtushenko, the romantic, strives to make his verses utilitarian —perhaps because he has been brought up to believe that only utility has value. What he hopes to prove or to enact remains clouded in his rhetoric. The picture he draws of the hysterical excitement generated by the public reading of love lyrics explains why Khrushchev has been so tolerant of Yevtushenko's traffic with the Muse.

Theater

The Rules of the Game

JOHN GREGORY DUNNE

In an age without heroes, only the European playwrights (Edward Albee is the American exception) seem to comprehend the paradox that comedy has become the highest form of contemporary tragedy. Brecht and Beckett, Pinter and Ionesco lacerate a world whose sham far surpasses the magnitude of mere men and lay it bare with cruel humor. They are less concerned with curing the afflicted than with exposing and ridiculing the affliction.

On the face of it, Jean Anouilh is too delicate a playwright for this company. He is a dealer in paradox and a polisher of epigrams, a writer of such impeccable taste that he might easily be dismissed as a Noel Coward with bite. His dramatic framework is so glitteringly burnished that the crack in the surface veneer is nearly obscured. But it is always there and, once exposed, reveals Anouilh's black view that the world he lives in will inevitably corrupt innocence.

In *The Rehearsal* (translated from the French by Kitty Black and Pamela Hansford Johnson), Anouilh has constructed a comedy of malignant elegance. At a provincial chateau in contemporary France, a count and countess are preparing an entertainment for their soon-to-arrive weekend guests. Busily the count—played with restless worldliness by Keith Mitchell—rehearses a cast of aristocratic friends in an eighteenth-century comedy by Marivaux, *The Double Inconstancy.* Dressed in Louis XV costumes, the players primp and preen in an effortless charade. Count and countess (Coral Browne) have an understanding; she has a lover and he a mistress and both are in the company. Wife and mistress (Adrienne Corri) maintain a jeweled, barbed truce in the interest of their mutual indulgence. Keeping acidulous tabs on this *ménage à quatre* is the count's disillusioned, amoral, and drunken friend, Hero, acted with languid brilliance by Alan Badel.

In this atmosphere, good taste scores more than emotion, which is slightly common. Yet in a fleeting moment of self-doubt, the count won-

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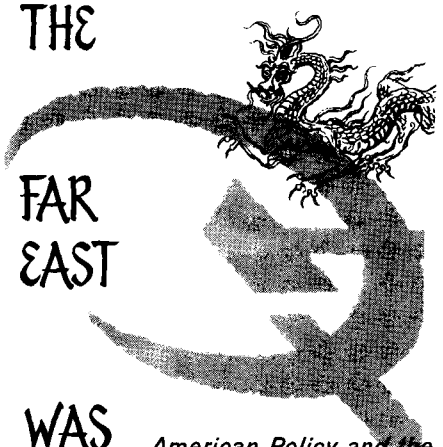
—John F. Kennedy, July 30, 1949

HOW THE FAR EAST WAS LOST



American Policy and the Creation of Communist China 1941-1949

BY ANTHONY J. KUBEK

HOW THE FAR EAST WAS LOST is an account of the events leading up to the American disaster of Pearl Harbor at the hands of the Japanese and of those American policies during the Roosevelt-Truman administrations which destroyed the balance of power in the Pacific and opened Asia to communization.

Prof. Kubek's masterly analysis of pre-Pearl Harbor diplomacy exposes the fallacious U.S. policies in Asia dating as far back as the 1920's. Heavily documented by testimony from Congressional hearings, material from the libraries at Stanford, Princeton, and elsewhere, and the private papers of former Ambassador to China Patrick J. Hurley and General Joseph Stilwell, the fate of Nationalist China is shown to have been decisively sealed by the Cairo, Teheran, Yalta, and Potsdam conferences, intervention of the Soviet Union in the Pacific War, and the dropping of the atom bomb on an already defeated Japan.

490 PAGES: INDEX, BIBLIOGRAPHY

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—Dwight D. Eisenhower, July 19, 1963

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ders aloud if it is enough in life to look forward in twenty years to the presidency of the Jockey Club, and in forty, to a socially significant funeral at the Madeleine.

In such an instant of truth, the count is forced to discard his sybarite's façade and to come face to face with the appalling possibility of love—and worse still, a love given, not taken. The object of his affection is the governess, a shy, gawky, virginal, and inarticulate girl whom he has cast in his entertainment in the absence of one of his former dalliances. He struts and poses, but for her, it is the doubter and not the *poseur* who is the recipient of her affection and love. It is a love unprofaned by qualifications and of such incandescent purity that the count gratefully and honestly yields to it.

But in loving a woman not of his class, the count has violated the rules of the game and tried to bring tenderness into a glittering world that has no use for it. Love threatens the countess' life of indulgent convenience, and enlisting the aid of the count's mistress, Hortensia, she schemes to put an end to it. For her evil purposes they recruit Hero, who out of an ancient grudge agrees to seduce the governess. The seduction scene is a triumph. At turns insinuating, astonished, bantering, Hero drips charm, twists lies into half-truths, intimates that what he must do is for the governess' own welfare. The next morning, the governess flees the chateau, and the other players seem ready to return to a life whose single rule is: it's not how you play the game, but whether you win or lose. But not Hero. In his heartlessness, he has discovered that life is not a game and that the loser is more than a pawn. Repelled by his discovery, he proceeds to court suicide by challenging the countess' lover to a duel.

Anouilh's view of the human condition is dark and constant. Life is masked by empty smiles and brittle quips. What makes Anouilh so effective and disturbing is that he takes life as we would like it to be and peels it open using our own rules. Without ever sacrificing his brilliant surface tone, he moves easily, almost imperceptibly, from sophisticated superficialities to bitter truths. It is a difficult task, but when successful, as in *The Rehearsal*, a stunning achievement.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

IN DEFENSE OF PROPERTY, by Gottfried Dietze (Regnery, $6.50). "Torment," says Prof. Dietze, was the price of his decision to write this book, for he feared that he, the emigrant from Nazi Germany, the immigrant to America, might be accused of ingratitude for writing an indictment of the decline of American freedom. We owe him not torment but thanks. His thesis is that property, personal property, *private untrammeled enjoyment* and disposition of property, is an essential condition of human freedom; and he proves it positively by showing the concomitance of liberty and respect for property in the major Western lands, and negatively by describing the decline in the public esteem for property as the public clamor for "civil" rights under unlimited democracy begins to overshadow the legal regard for "personal" rights. He urges that the right of property is co-equal with other liberal (in Continental parlance) rights, and suggests the original thesis that the demand for civil order may properly infringe on personal rights *only* as long as the co-equality of the various rights is maintained. That is, if we are to restrict property, then let us restrict speech, and assembly; or if utter freedom is to be granted here, then it *must* be granted there. A remarkable and necessary work. Caution: the reference to John Adams, footnote, page 210, is misinterpreted: Adams was being sardonic, he was not prophesying an American nation of saints forever. Not old John!

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SWEETLY SINGS THE DONKEY, by Shelagh Delaney (Putnam, $4.50). In these childhood reminiscences Shelagh Delaney is as usual intent on herself, so that we know that she knows that she is quite amusing. But there is youth, which left to itself knows no irony, and a wisely fresh humor, and a thoughtful mind. The bitterness of *A Taste of Honey* is tempered, so that life's

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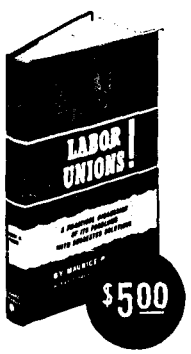

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material squalor is not seen as the seed of all human weakness. The disappointing feature of the book is its reliance on the assumption that we know and appreciate the author from her previous work. A more mature talent would have forgotten journalism and written short stories. Nevertheless, these flashbacks to the author's growing years in England are never careless, and exhibit an interesting choice of words and a cleverly developed sensitivity.

H. H. VAN LENTEN

CHILE AND THE UNITED STATES, 1880-1962, by Frederick B. Pike (Notre Dame, $7.50). The study of Latin American affairs in the United States, with a few significant and honorable exceptions, has consistently been characterized by questionable scholarship, atrocious writing and a debilitating Liberal bias. To a certain extent Pike is candid about his inadequacies. An Associate Professor of History at Notre Dame, he admits that he is not interested primarily in "objective historical truth," but rather in "what the Chileans think is true about their dealings with the United States." The "Chileans" turn out to be his Liberal counterparts and he quite predictably concludes that the United States should turn away from "its supposed friends on the Right" and instead promote "the establishment of closer ties with groups previously avoided because of their leftist outlook." Not even his childish infatuation with footnoting (141 pages of notes for 304 pages of text) can cover up his shortcomings in scholarship: working almost exclusively with Chilean sources on the Tacna-Arica dispute, his handling of this crucial episode is shoddy and shallow; although half the book is devoted to domestic developments, the Popular Front of the late 1930s is barely mentioned; and the role of the Communists during this period and in later years is completely ignored. In spite of a six-page table of contents, the reader is hard put to follow the course of any significant development. This book is not a bad book; it is an insult to scholarship and a juvenile piece of political propaganda.

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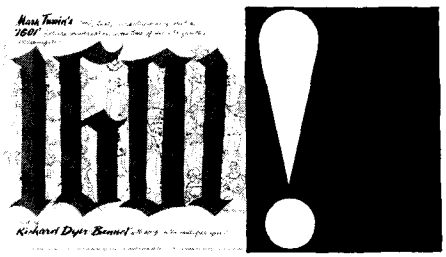

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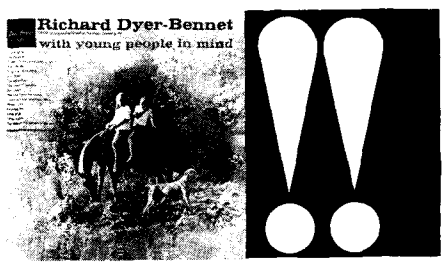

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To the Editor

The Poll

Oh boy, oboy, oboy, oboy . . . *oboy.* I've just finished your super-colossal issue on God and Man at Everywhere [Oct. 8], and it's the greatest thing since the Fifth Anniversary Issue. I'm lending my copy around, and I've bought four other copies which I sent to three newspaper editors and the president of the University of Hawaii. I thought *Time* or *Newsweek* would make some comment this week, but maybe this will have a long fuse.

Honolulu, Hawaii LAWRENCE V. COTT

Say It Isn't So, Morris

Could it be that the Morris Kominsky who corrected the editor of NATIONAL REVIEW [Oct. 8] is the same Morris Kominsky referred to in the 1961 report of Un-American Activities in California as "coordinator, investigator, propagandist, and spokesman" for the Elsinore Valley Property Owners Association which launched a "relentless campaign of vituperation" that "achieved its ultimate objective and captured control of the city government"?

If this M. K. is *the* M. K., who has an affinity for Communist front groups plus a record of cooperation with Communist Party members, how original of him to say to *NR*: "You have done violence to the truth"!

Lindsay, Calif. DELOS LOWELL

"A new smear attack in book form against the anti-Communist movement is in the offing from an Elsinore [Calif.] resident identified as a one-time officer in the Rhode Island Communist Party.

"Morris Kominsky, listed in a 1938 report of the Dies Special Committee on Un-American Activities as Educational Director of the Rhode Island CP, is preparing the book as 'a serious and accurate portrayal of the conservative movement.'

"Kominsky, who has remained active in Communist fronts since he moved to California . . ." etc., etc.

All of the above are quotes from various issues of *Tocsin.* No doubt you have secured a reference in Kominsky's proposed book, by publishing his letter.

Santa Monica, Calif. WM. T. MCMANUS

Lasky's JFK

In the review of Victor Lasky's book, *JFK: The Man and the Myth* [Oct. 8], your reviewer, M. Stanton Evans, writes, ". . . whether the Kennedy regime did or did not try to suppress it [the book] . . ."

Admittedly, it is a distinct possibility that Mr. Kennedy did try to suppress it, but we do not *know*! Must we then equivocate truth with a suspicion of it? If, in our efforts to make our arguments heard and heeded, we succumb to tactics of this sort, then we are becoming as pragmatic and *sans fond* as Mr. Kennedy.

C'mon, Buckley, let's keep the punches above the belt.

Tucson, Ariz. J. DENNIS DELANEY

It is not true that the editor tried to suppress the reviewer. —ED.

Congratulations to Lasky for his laying bare the real JFK: an empty shell politically, lacking any and all political convictions or philosophy.

New York, N.Y. T. ENDERS

Liberalland

Political satire is one thing, smearing and mud-flinging is another. After reading that "Liberal" joyland ad (which I thought was very good) [Sept. 24], I was deeply disturbed by the fact that there was no author or authors. In order to keep the Liberal opposition from calling us mud-flingers I suggest that in the future all political satire be signed by the author or authors.

Now tell me, who wrote that script on Liberalland?

Brooklyn, N.Y. JERRY TADDEO

Henry Cabot Lodge. But shh! —ED.

Although I rarely agree with the opinions expressed in your magazine, I almost always find it well-written and well-reasoned, as well as witty and challenging. Therefore, I was especially unhappy to see that you have descended to the level of the gutter in the "satire" entitled "Liberalland." I refer particularly to the "witticism," *Swing on a tree. Impress the uncommitted peoples of the world.* This is unthinkable vulgarity for a magazine with any intellectual pretensions. It is one thing to state (incorrectly, I might add), as you do in another section of the same issue, that anyone in Ghana "denying the divinity of Nkrumah is, roughly speaking, killed." It is another to [show] chauvinistic arrogance and profound misunderstanding.

I wish NATIONAL REVIEW would stop feeding its readers propaganda about the Liberal community which it knows to be untrue. Liberal readers are not quite as intolerant as you suggest. And I'd be willing to bet that far more people who classify themselves as "left-of-center" read

NATIONAL REVIEW Magazine and Bulletin

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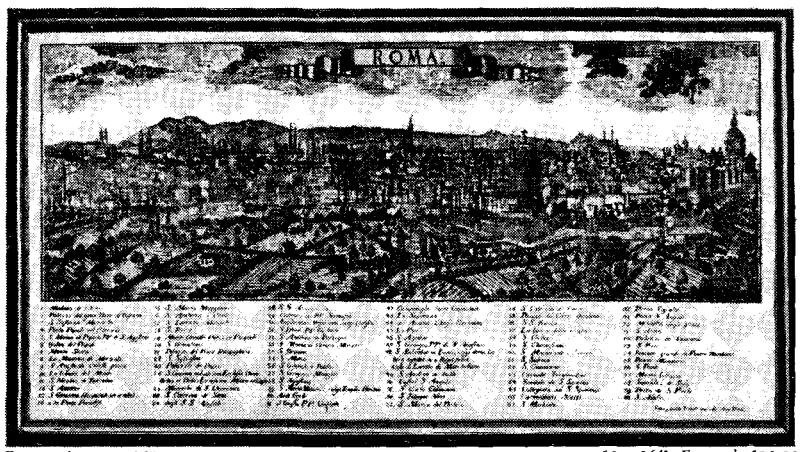

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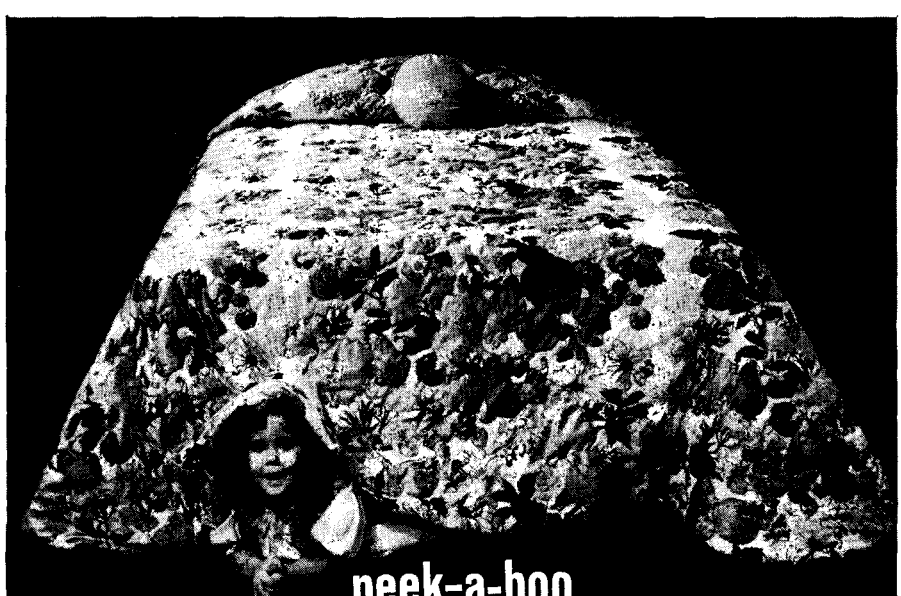

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NATIONAL REVIEW than do conservatives read *The Nation.*

Great Neck, N.Y. STEVEN J. KELMAN

Should as many saints sin, or sinners repent? —ED.

I should like to congratulate you most heartily on your "advertisement" for Liberalland. Your anonymous author should really be awarded the Pulitzer Prize for it; and NATIONAL REVIEW should reprint the "advertisement" to be plastered all over the White House, the Supreme Court, Rocky's office, etc. I haven't laughed so hard since I read some of *The New Republic*'s editorials!

Brooklyn, N.Y. KENNETH J. BLUME

Let us have more of these attacks. Maybe we can laugh these poltroons off the national scene.

South Pasadena, Calif. REID BYRON

Rights and Wrongs

James Jackson Kilpatrick's article on the President's Civil Rights bill [Sept. 24] is a clear argument against the passing of the bill. I can only wish that it had been a considered one. I've heard, in a freshman government class, "My freedom to swing my fist ends where your nose begins." Mr. Kilpatrick is so fond of the freedom of fist-swinging that he ignores the noses that get in his way.

The final form law is to take depends upon balancing one side's rights against the other's. The constitutional right of George Lincoln Rockwell to speak freely is limited when he incites a mob to violence. The assumed right to travel freely is limited, your magazine may agree, by the present danger to the country. Could not the "ancient right of property" be limited by the Negro's right to eat in any place open to the public? Is equality any less a "tradition" in our country than is "clear and present danger"? Does Mr. Kilpatrick really believe that discrimination against an unknown brand of lipstick is the same as discrimination against a Negro who enters a store to buy that lipstick?

New York, N.Y. EVELYN STEIN

BG

As Mr. Kirk so aptly illustrated [Aug. 27], Senator Goldwater has many qualities of mind, character, heart and humor that are so necessary in a President. Is there anything that our

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candidate lacks—or has failed to impress on his fellow citizens? That question must be answered in the affirmative. Senator Goldwater has not indicated any passionate desire to become President of the United States, and I can't think of a single job that I would less rather have someone assume reluctantly.

I hope there may be enough time left for the Senator to convince the people that, in addition to qualifying for, he actually wants to *be*, President of the United States.

Detroit, Mich. JOHN J. JEFFRIES

Saved!

Thanks to Russell Kirk's "A Wrong Way to Improve Schools" [Sept. 10], I am now able to properly label my educational status. I am, to use the proper term, "an enriched," a product of the cult of "enrichment."

I, like Kirk's and Professor Cluett's deprived adolescent, have been taught grammar is useless. (My mother, a product of the old school, has punctuated this letter for me.) My spelling is neglected. (My mother wrote down the first three letters of adolescent, so that I could look up the correct spelling in the dictionary.) My training in composition is limited to "a twelfth-grade handbook, reserved for emergencies only." I have "a huge (my IBM punch card tells me), but very imprecise (my reading tells me). vocabulary."

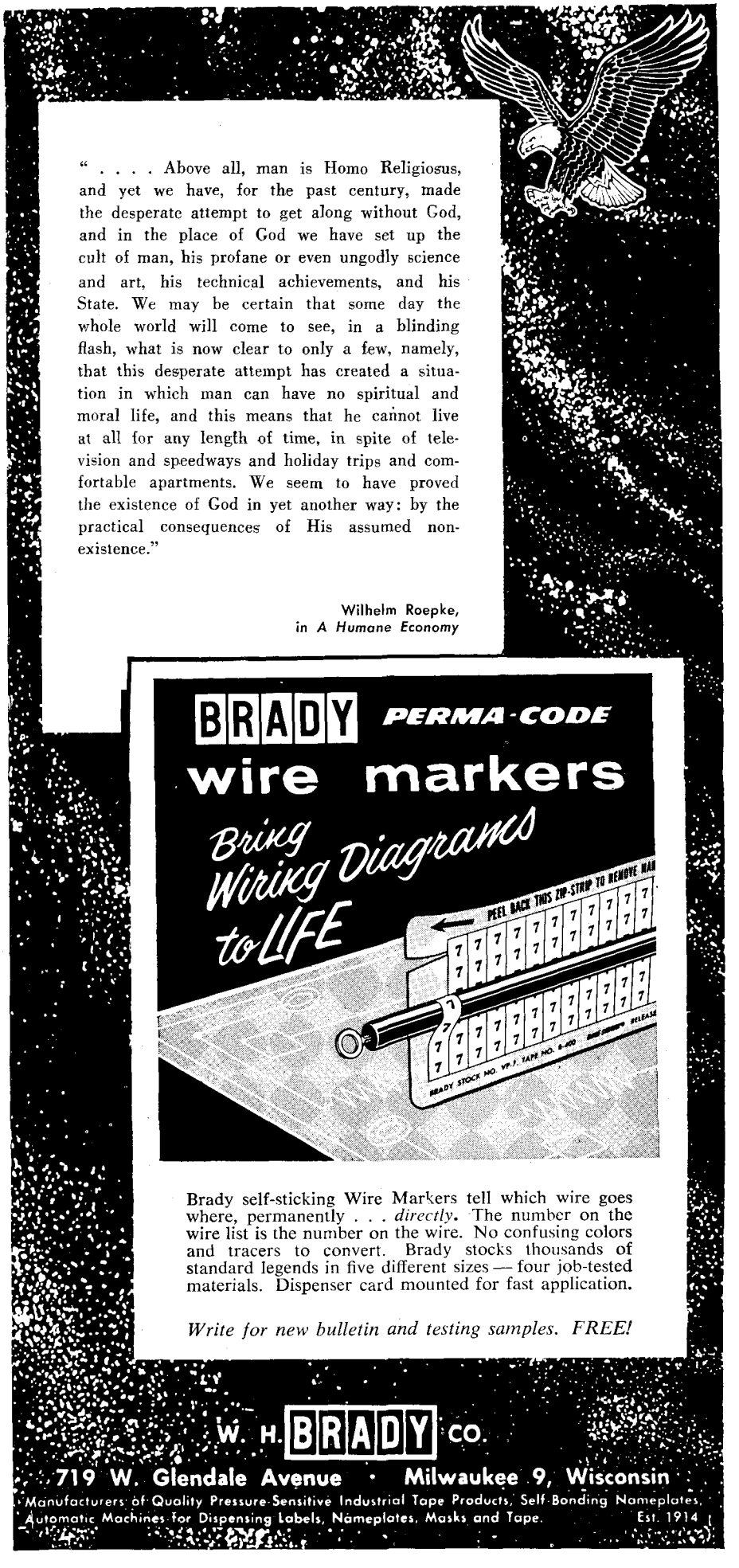
But unlike Kirk's impoverished intellectual, I cannot look back over my "monstrous and distended reading list" and find only "a great blur," for after all that list contained NATIONAL REVIEW.

Santa Monica, Calif. JON WARMBRODT

(Continued from p. 386)

derstandable to a broad electorate constitutes a desertion of conservatism.

So long as Senator Goldwater and his advisers, in their effort to create a consensus, do not deviate from the broad principles for which he has always stood, so long as he continues to stand for freedom of the person, limitation of government, and effective resistance to the Communist drive for world conquest, American conservatives will give to his candidacy their unflinching support and untiring effort — support and effort without which he cannot conceivably be elected.


" . . . . Above all, man is Homo Religiosus, and yet we have, for the past century, made the desperate attempt to get along without God, and in the place of God we have set up the cult of man, his profane or even ungodly science and art, his technical achievements, and his State. We may be certain that some day the whole world will come to see, in a blinding flash, what is now clear to only a few, namely, that this desperate attempt has created a situation in which man can have no spiritual and moral life, and this means that he cannot live at all for any length of time, in spite of television and speedways and holiday trips and comfortable apartments. We seem to have proved the existence of God in yet another way: by the practical consequences of His assumed non-existence."
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For The Record

Rumors that Bobby Kennedy will resign as Attorney General taking hold. Reason given: JFK is now convinced he'll be battling Goldwater next year; he expects hard fight and wants Bobby to head the campaign staff. Brother-in-law Stephen Smith had been tagged for job when White House believed Rockefeller would be the challenger . . . . Managing the pix: two army officers not-so-accidentally stepped between the President and photographers just as JFK shook hands, briefly, with Tito . . . . Congressmen, already up in arms over State Department decision to give former Rep. Charles Porter (D. of Ore.), an early Fidel Castro fan, a visa to Cuba, even more alarmed over reports Porter will negotiate another prisoner ransom deal. . . . Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker's Committee for the Monroe Doctrine warns that Kennedy may be "prepared to accept Communist control of Cuba and even seek ways and means of assisting Castro."

Conor Cruise O'Brien, former UN official in the Congo who spilled the beans on UN falsification of facts during Katanga fighting, says United States is so sensitive to African opinion that it would back the use of UN forces against Angola, Southern Rhodesia, Mozambique and South Africa if the African governments "insist" on it.

Guinea, once one of the most pro-Communist of the new African nations, moving Right. Last week it de-nationalized its diamond mines and much of its retail trade . . . . Southern Rhodesia announced it will continue compulsory military service for young whites after dissolution of Federation in December . . . . A Marseilles newspaper estimates Ben Bella's latest nationalization decrees will drive out another 25,000 French Algerians (about one-quarter of the remaining European population) . . . . Half the passenger ships of the Marseilles-Algiers run have been sold, decommissioned, or shifted to other routes.

General Accounting Office figures indicate that all in all (World War I, Lend-Lease, UNRRA, etc.) Soviet Union still owes U.S. over $12 billion. . . . Assembly of Captive Nations, in strong statement against wheat deal, points out that much of the gold we will get in exchange is mined by forced labor . . . . More production problems in USSR: this time among Soviet composers who, after laboring mightily for seven years, still haven't produced a national anthem Nikita likes. (The old one can be played, but not sung. It mentions you-know-who by name.)

Waite Ben Roth Agency

". . . this one for German, that one for Italian, this one for Esperanto. . . ."

The Passing Scene: 1) the Cleveland Plain Dealer's comment anent G. Mennen Williams: "If the United States has an African policy today, consistent from north to south, it can thank 'Soapy' Williams. He's done a remarkable job without fanfare." 2) A photo from a Portuguese paper showing a crowd of five hundred Negroes and at most five whites greeting Portuguese President Tomás in Luanda, Angola, on top of N.Y. Times story reporting "the crowd that greeted President Tomás was largely white, with a few black faces." 3) At the National Airport in Washington on a recent Friday evening, a lady shuttle passenger recognizing Arthur Schlesinger, whispering to him: "Mr. Schlesinger, I have always envied your rhetoric . . ."— and sauntering off.

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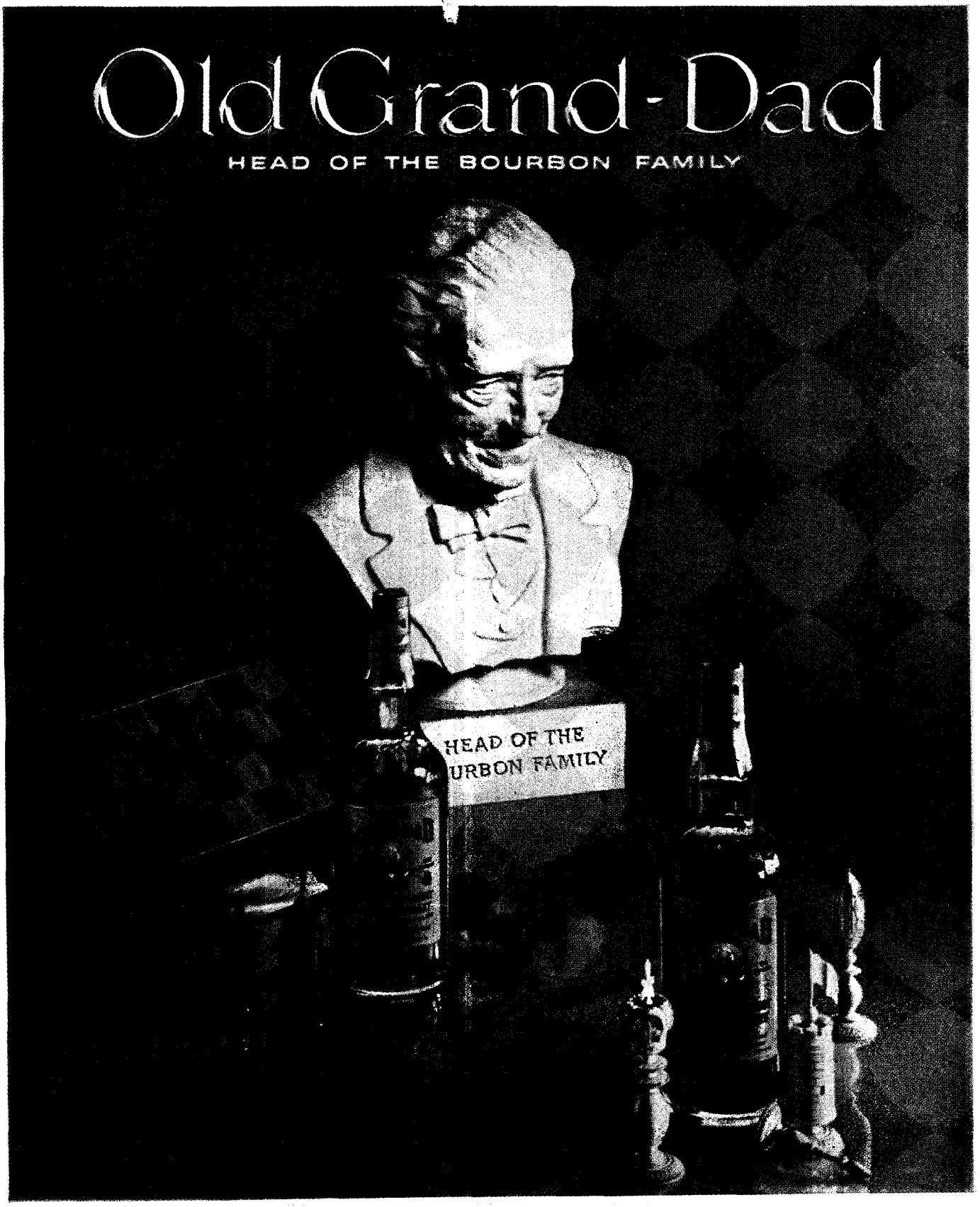

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